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MARCH 27, 1948

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The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



FOOD FOR FITNESS

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CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA



Forrester turned from the doctor to look at Anna kneeling beside the frightened child.

THE PURPLE PLAIN

EMBITTERED by the death of his bride in an air raid just after their marriage in London, SQUADRON-LEADER FORRESTER tries to get killed in subsequent war service, but succeeds only in winning a decoration for valor.

Eventually stationed in Burma, he is in a state of violent nervous irritation, aggravated by having to share a tent with BLORE, a fellow officer, and by the fact that there is no word of CARRINGTON, his new navigator, due from Calcutta three weeks previously.

Obviously concerned over Forrester, HARRIS, the medical officer, takes him to visit a settlement of Burmese Christians, and introduces him first to DOROTHY, a cultured English-educated Burmese, then later to her younger sister, ANNA. Forrester finds himself unaccountably shy, trying to make conversation with Anna.

Now read on:

AS if she were shy, too, the girl spoke formally. She had a way of putting her head slightly to one side, as if she feared that the flower she was wearing in her hair would fall.

Forrester began to think it would fall, too, and watched it, fascinated, half hoping it would fall, so that he could reach forward and catch it in his hands.

"Have you been here for long?" "For nearly three months now," he said.

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"Do you like it?"

He hesitated for a moment—he did not want to offend her—and said, "I'm not sure if I know it yet."

"No one knows it," she said. "All of Burma. No one knows it all."

"No," he said.

"It is very beautiful here in the dry belt in the cool weather," she said.

She still spoke with delicate, polite correctness, as if she were talking from a textbook. "But no one knows it all."

"Rice and rubies," he said, "that was all the Burma I knew. Before I came."

"There are stones here if you wish to buy them," she said.

He did not know what to say. He did not want to buy stones; he hated them. Sometimes he thought he was the only serviceman in the entire East who did not possess a small horde of gems in cotton wool.

"We could go to see them if you wish," she said. "It is not far."

He did not know what to do. "The doctor will want to get back."

"Oh, no," she said. "He goes late. Always. He never bothers. It's all the same to him."

"All right," he said. "I would be glad."

She got up at once and walked to the door of the house, opening it and calling a few words inside without waiting for an answer.

She was very small beside him, and she walked with slow grace in the dust of the track, not speaking much, turning only sometimes to smile at him.

"We go in here," she said, and he followed her across one of the near

compounds towards a hut of cane and palm, and went into it after her.

Shade from tamarind trees and palms made it almost dark inside, where a Burmese woman of old, grey face sat on the floor.

The girl spoke to her, and she hurriedly got up in a wonder of shy excitement at the presence of Forrester. Her lips trembled so that she could not speak, but after a moment or two a man of forty-five

By . . .
H. E. BATES

or fifty wearing a green felt hat and black trousers and a bright red shirt came in from the compound.

"They are mother and son," the girl said. "They had a house in the town once, but it is gone now."

"Pleased," the man said. "Good." He shook hands energetically with Forrester and smiled with shy, cordial face. "Pleased. Good."

"They will get the stones," the girl said.

From a wooden cabinet on the wall the old woman began to bring out very small folded packages of brown paper and lay them on a teak table in the centre of the room, opening them there with trembling hands. The son brought a small tin oil lamp and set it on the table.

"These are rubies," the girl said.

"But you know them."

"Yes," he said.

"These are white sapphires, and these are golden amethysts."

He picked up some of the stones and held them in his hands under the light. All of them were small and the cutting was bad.

"Perhaps they have something better," he said. He was embarrassed by the eager, trembling face of the old woman and the smiling eagerness of the son, and he wanted to be polite.

"They say to-morrow," the girl said. "They say if you will come to-morrow they will have better stones, Zircons and emeralds perhaps."

He looked down at her face, very pale in the lamplight of the darkening room. Her black eyes were intensely penetrating, and he knew suddenly that she knew what he was thinking: that he was embarrassed and did not want the stones and did not know how to refuse.

"Tell them I will come again," he said.

"To-morrow?"

"If it is possible," he said.

"Try to make it possible."

Before he could speak again she began talking to the old woman and the son. "Pleased!" the son said. "Good!" He suddenly took off his hat to Forrester and bowed.

"They say they will have beautiful stones for you," the girl said.

He got up from the table and shook hands first with the old woman and then the son. With his hat held above his head like an umbrella, the son came to the door with Forrester and the girl, saying over and over again, "Pleased! Good-bye!" bowing to them very slowly, like a man before a shrine.

Outside, the sun had already set

and under the trees the short twilight broken now by a breath of wind, was almost gone. It seemed to wash away at last, as it always did, the brutal, violent clamor of the day.

"You did not want the stones," the girl said.

"No."

"I am sorry."

"I have no one to give stones to," he said.

"No one?"

"No one," he said.

"Then there is no need for you to come again," she said.

"All the same, I would like to come," he said.

She did not speak again for a short time, and he knew by her silence that she was thinking of what he had said. He felt he had spoken hypocritically, but there was a gentleness in the silence that did not press on him.

"Do you mean you have really no one to give the stones to?" she said. "Or only that you have no one who would like them?"

"I have no one to give them to," he said.

"You are the first officer who has come here and not bought jewels," she said.

"Am I?" he said. He spoke almost sharply, and then, in the light of a house as they passed it, he saw her smiling, and in a moment his irritation was gone.

"All of them come for that. I thought you had come for that, too. That was why I took you."

"No," he said. "I don't care for them."

"I'm sorry. It was my fault," she said.

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

from page 3



Noble expression
of an ageless theme

Sombre Music

A
MAGNIFICENT
PERFUME



SENT TO YOU FROM OVERSEAS BY

Cyclax
OF LONDON

FORRESTER was suddenly touched by the humility of the way the girl spoke, and he did not know what to say. He felt, for the first time, slightly ashamed of himself.

The feeling jolted him physically. And without having the slightest idea why he did it, he swung out both hands and said, "It's really very wonderful here."

"Most of them hate it. They long for England," she said. "Don't you?"

"No," he said, "I don't long for England."

"Never?"

"No," he said. "Sometimes I think I'll never go back."

She turned her head as if startled. Before he was aware of it and could do anything to stop it, the word "England" brought back the idea that he was going to kill himself. Its violent suddenness almost frightened him.

He looked at her quickly, as if thinking she must have heard what was going on in his mind, but she was not looking now. She was walking in the same smooth, calm way as before, and he knew that all that was wrong was his own stupidity.

"We are at the house," she said. He saw a light in the small windows behind the verandah, and smelt the deep, heavy fragrance of the tree. He held open the gate of the palisade, and she said, "There is a light in the dispensary still. That must be the doctor."

He followed her across the compound to where, in the far corner, was the hut that Harris had made into a dispensary. The girl opened the door.

Inside the hut, Harris, sleeves rolled up, was bending over a white enamel bowl of hot water in the centre of a long teak table. Behind him stood a few rows of shelves neatly filled with bottles.

Forrester was surprised to see that the hut was big enough to hold two beds, in one of which a small Burmese girl lay looking upward with staring, scared eyes in the lamp-light.

Harris said, "Hullo. She was brought in by Dorothy," and wiped his hands on a towel. Forrester turned from the doctor to look at the girl as she went over to the bed and knelt down by it, talking to the child in whispers, holding her hands.

"She didn't take her mepacrine," Harris said. "But that was scarcely odd, because the poor little devil had no mepacrine to take."

"Poor kid."

"Let it be a lesson to you," Harris said. "Now I want you to go back to H.Q."

"Medical orderly," Forrester said.

"Take the jeep and go back to my tent and see Johnson, the corporal. Give him this list and let him have the things ready and drive the jeep back to fetch me at daylight."

Harris gave him a folded paper. Forrester took it and toyed with it in his hands.

"Someday you must tell me what H.Q. thinks of M.O.s who start private hospitals for the natives."

"I'm not interested in what H.Q. thinks."

The girl, smiling, came over from the sickbed, and suddenly Forrester remembered the plain. He was not sure of the road going across the vast expanse of dust in darkness.

"I'm not sure of this road," he said.

"There ought to be a moon," Harris said. "Otherwise, of course, there's a thing called navigation."

"I never learned it."

"What is wrong?" the girl said.

"He is not sure of the road,"

Harris said. "He is very young to be out at night."

"I could show him."

"Oh, no," Forrester said. "Thank you all the same."

"It is a little difficult to the end of the village, but after that you make for the railway and it's all right."

"Please," he said. "I can find it."

"You'd better go with her," Harris said. "At least there'll be one good head."

Forrester followed the girl out of the little dispensary into the darkness of the compound.

He switched on the lights of the jeep and waited for the girl to climb into the seat in front. He got in, too, and started the engine.

As he drove the jeep through the narrow, fenced track between the lighted houses and the trees, she said nothing except an occasional word to guide him.

Gradually the track widened and there were no more houses, and in a few moments he saw the last of the banana trees, like a huge column of green glass in the headlights, go past him into the darkness.

The moon was not up yet, but he could see the faint glow of it beginning to whiten badly the sky above the rim of mountains, and he knew that it would be easy now to find the way.

He stopped the jeep and got out and went to the other side to help her down. "I shall find it now," he said. "Will you be all right?"

"I shall be all right," she said.

He did not know what else to say to her, and stood for a moment awkwardly beside her.

"I must go back," she said.

"Yes." He held both her hands as she climbed down, and then let them go. Almost at once she gave him her right hand back, shaking his own.

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-night," he said. "It has been a wonderful pleasure."

"You are coming again," she said.

"Yes," he said.

BEFORE

Forrester could say anything more the girl turned away and began to walk back again along the track. She turned and smiled for a moment, and he lifted his hand, standing for a minute or two to watch her go.

When he could no longer see her in the darkness, he got up into the jeep and drove out across the plain.

The night was very beautiful, and there was nothing to fret the edges of his mind as he thought back to the girl, the way he had slept on the verandah and had awakened in dumb surprise to see her there.

He got to the camp about eight o'clock and, not realising he had not eaten, went straight to his tent.

The glow of the moon coming up behind the palms had a fantastic and sombre splendor that dwarfed the brown tent, the palms and the broken chalky pagodas into the shadowy paltriness of ruins left by an advancing army.

He saw the end flap of his tent open and hooked back, and inside it the glow of two hurricane lamps hanging from poles above each bed.

Close by stood his green canvas bath, filled with water put there by the boy Ali, ready for the bath he had not taken.

He went into the tent and came at once to a dead stop just inside it. Blure was reading on his bed, under a mosquito net still thrown back at the edges, propped up on one elbow as Forrester had expected him to be. His own bed was neat and ready, too.

But at the end of the tent, placed crosswise, with its mosquito net fixed, was a third bed. In it lay a young officer. And he knew at once, even before his anger came rushing up at him to overcome him with impotence, that it was Carrington.

Startled and troubled, Blure leaped off the bed. He began to speak at once, nervously changing his book from hand to hand.

"I couldn't find you anywhere," he seemed to Forrester quite frightened.

The young officer in very leisurely way got off his bed. He was asleep and small.

"This is Carrington," Blure said.

"He got in by Dak from Omdurman about seven."

Forrester did not move or speak. The young officer had a high, aristocratic head, with long blond hair slicked back like glass. It gave him in Forrester's eyes, an expression of maddening aloofness.

"This is Squadron-Leader Forrester," Blure said.

"Good evening," Carrington said. He had the single thick blue stripe of a flying officer on his shoulder and his navigator's badge on his chest.

"Who gave you authority to sleep here?" Forrester said.

"The camp commandant," Blure said.

"Then the camp commandant should mind his own business."

"I'm sorry," the boy said.

"It's rather late to be sorry," Forrester looked savagely round at the confined space of the tent, that seemed now to be nothing but an oppressive tangle of men and mosquito netting.

He felt that it stifled him even more than it had in the awful heat of the afternoon.

"You know how it is," Blure said.

"Everywhere is as full as it can stick."

"So I see!" Forrester began savagely to unbutton his jacket. Without speaking again, he took it off and threw it through the loose mosquito netting on to the bed.

Underneath it his thin singlet was grey and wet with sweat-soaked dust. He took that off also and stood with it screwed up in his hands, as if ready to throw it with the jacket.

"And another thing," it seemed better in the height of his anger to reveal the entire mass of his grievances. "Where have you been? We've been waiting three weeks for you."

"I thought you knew," Carrington said. "I was taken ill at Omdurman. They yanked me into hospital before I knew."

"And before we knew, didn't they ever tell you about a thing called a signal?"

"We did signal."

"Then where did it get to?"

"You know how it is," the boy said. "India."

"I don't know how it is! Tell me!" Forrester said.

"It was probably some idiot of an Indian kid who was supposed to have sent it, and didn't. You can never depend on anybody."

"No?" Forrester said. "So it seems."

He threw the wet mess of his undershirt on the bed and turned abruptly away.

Before either of the men could speak again, he picked up his singlet and bush towel from his table by the bed head and went outside. Slipping off his socks and trousers he stood naked in the canvas bath.

The water came just above his ankles. It would have been poured in by Ali, quite hot, about six o'clock, and now, even after nearly three hours, it was still unpleasantly tepid and dead.

Please turn to page 10

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME

By ...
B. N. MOORE

**He might be a very
good detective, but
to Sue he was just
the boy next door.**

SUSAN MARTIN, having survived the usual peak-hour jostling and pushing, emerged from the railway station not too much the worse for her encounter with the homeward-bound public.

She stepped briskly along the street, and at exactly twenty-five minutes to six reached the boarding-house where she had been living since her arrival in Sydney three months previously from her home in Mingella.

It was three months to the day, she reflected as she fumbled in her bag for her key, since she had walked into the office of Morrison and Co., Solicitors, and got a position there. Her acquaintance with young Mr. Morrison had progressed very well since then, and to-night she was actually to go to a show with him.

She was still searching for her key, when the door was opened and she was confronted by a tall young man who, on seeing the amazed look of recognition on Susan's attractive face, beamed on her with a delightful, if somewhat mischievous, smile.

"Why, Sue! Hello!" he said. "Pacey meeting you here."

Recovering from her amazement, Susan gasped, "Bill Mortimer, where did you spring from?"

Mortimer's grin widened. "Sorry, can't tell you," he said, "national secret. But do step in." He stood back and swept her a low bow.

Susan, trying hard not to laugh, entered the small, comfortable-looking house with a feeling of intense curiosity concerning the reason for Bill Mortimer's presence there.

Bill led the way along the hall to the door of the sitting-room. He knocked, and in response to a gruff "Come in," opened the door for her. As she entered, she heard Bill's voice behind her say, "This is the last of them, sir, Miss Susan Martin."

To Sue the room appeared to be full of people. As well as the owner and all the boarders, except the latest, Mr. Jordan, there was a capable-looking grey-haired man who seemed to be in charge of proceedings, while two very large uniformed policemen were apparently holding up the opposite wall.

There was something tense and guarded in the atmosphere. Susan wondered at the presence of the police and even more at Bill Mortimer's part in the air of mystery and suspense which pervaded the room.

Their families had lived next door to each other all their lives, and she and Bill had grown up together, and been confederates in the scrapes that had made Bill notorious in the neighborhood.

He had been her "steady" since she was seven years old until the night he had asked her to marry him and she had refused. She left for the city the next week, and the last she had heard of him was that he was doing well in the police force.

"He can't be pining for me too much, anyway," she had thought somewhat bitterly at the time. And now, three months after what he called the breaking of his heart, here was Bill Mortimer, out of uniform, in the midst of an apparently serious matter involving the police.

She became aware that the grey-haired man was speaking to her.

"Miss Martin, I'm Inspector Nelson, of the C.I.B. This is Detective-Sergeant Mortimer."



icated Bill. Susan started slightly at this reference to Bill's rank.

"We're here on a very serious matter," Nelson continued. He paused, then looking at her closely he said: "When did you last see Ronald Jordan?"

Susan, slightly perplexed at his manner, replied uncertainly that she had seen him last the previous evening.

"You haven't seen him at all today?"

"No. I left for work before he came down to breakfast."

Nelson glanced about the room before replying, as if to make sure he had everyone's attention: "Jordan was murdered at two o'clock to-day."

Susan gave a horrified gasp. "But—but—"

"But what, Miss Martin?" asked Nelson eagerly, as though he thought she had some important clue to divulge.

Susan looked at him blankly for a moment. "Nothing," she answered weakly.

Nelson looked slightly sardonic. He turned away, and then addressed the room at large.

"Now that you are all here," he said, "I'll tell you that we don't expect to find the culprit among the present company. We believe that the crime was committed by, or— an outside agency; in fact, one of Jordan's former—ah—associates. Jordan has been known to the police for some time, hasn't he, Mortimer?"

Detective-Sergeant Mortimer, who had been busy deciding what color Miss Susan Martin's hair was under

the light, jumped to his feet, and answered briskly, "Yes, sir?"

"I was saying, Mortimer," said Nelson slowly, "that Jordan has been known to the police for some time."

"Yes, sir."

"And that we don't expect to find the culprit among the present company."

"No, sir."

Inspector Nelson looked closely at Bill for a few seconds longer. Then turning back to the others, he told them that after he left Detective-Sergeant Mortimer would be in charge, and he was to use his discretion in deciding whether they could leave the house.

He added that it would probably not be necessary to detain anyone.

Susan breathed a faint sigh of relief at this information, being very anxious to keep her appointment with Mr. Morrison. She was not particularly concerned over the murder of Mr. Jordan. She had hardly spoken more than a dozen words to him since his arrival, as he kept himself removed from the other boarders.

It was, of course, very exciting to be in the midst of a murder case, especially if one was not a likely suspect. Mr. Morrison would probably not approve of it, but he was rather stuffy, it had to be admitted, not like Bill, who was always as

thrilled as—oh, anyhow, Bill was childish—always after excitement.

Of course, he had the advantage over Mr. Morrison in looks. She had, to admit, that Mr. Morrison was rather effeminate. And Bill was so athletic, while Mr. Morrison did not believe in too much exertion. But, all the same, Mr. Morrison was a very clever man, always sensible, and reliable, too.

"Coming, Miss Martin?" Bill's deep voice interrupted her thoughts, and she saw that everyone was moving into the dining-room, where dinner had been set out for half an hour. It was salad as usual on Wednesdays, so it had not suffered from the delay.

Inspector Nelson and one of the policemen departed and Detective-Sergeant Mortimer was in charge. Susan walked into the dining-room with Bill, who was very serious for the occasion. He asked her what she thought of the foreign situation by way of casual conversation. She favored him with a glance which spoke more eloquently than words, and sat down in her place.

After dinner, the oldest inhabitant, little Miss Norton, visibly plucking up courage, went to Bill, and in her high-pitched voice asked if she could go and visit her niece for the night.

Bill was very obliging and readily gave his permission, asking her to leave her address. He told the constable to drive Miss Norton to the station in the police car, and generally made a good impression on the boarders.

Mrs. Gibson, the owner's wife, smiled at Susan, and murmured something about "such a nice young man." Susan was angry with herself for being rather proud of her former acquaintance with the "nice young man."

As soon as Miss Norton went, the Gibsons retired to their private office to make out the weekly accounts.

Another boarder, Mr. Lane, approached "Superintendent Mortimer," as he called him, and explained that he was a large business executive, and had an appointment with another large, but quite quite so large, of course, business executive, and as it was very important would it be possible for him to go?

He would leave his address and could produce references as to his character.

Mortimer had been nodding his head during this recital, and as Mr. Lane paused to take a breath, he took the opportunity to say quickly, "Why, yes, sir, certainly."

Mr. Lane breathed a sigh of relief which almost caused some of the furniture to become air-borne, and hurried from the room giving the impression that he was escaping before Mortimer could handcuff him.

As he left, the constable who had driven Miss Norton to the station came in and Bill said to him: "You can go now if you like, Rhodes; there's nothing else to do here. I'm just waiting for Nelson to phone after he gets his man. He expects to take him round about half-past seven."

"Very well, sir, thank you," answered Rhodes, and he left.

Then Joan Emerson, who was to meet her sister in town and see a show, asked Mortimer if she could go. He assented, and as she reached the door she turned and said: "Why don't you come, too, Susan?"

"Thanks, Joan," smiled Susan, "but I'm going out." She could not resist adding for Bill's benefit, "Mr. Morrison, you know."

"Oh," breathed Joan. She grinned and added, "Good luck," and shut the door.

Please turn to page 29



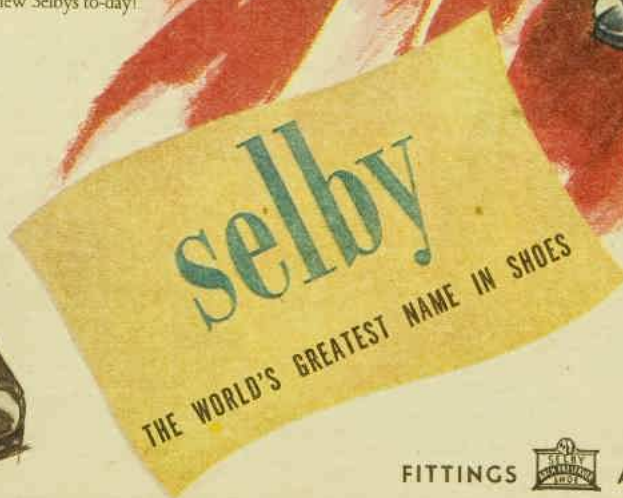
Fine fit is fine
fashion the
world over

In London, it's cheers for the grenadiers — and
applause for Selby, too. Well-groomed Englishwomen
favour the smartness and unique comfort of the perfect

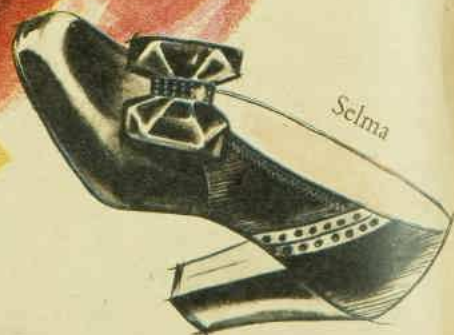
new Selby styles. Selby look better, feel better
because trained Selby experts select the very fitting
for *your* feet. 84 fractional fittings in each ultra-
smart style. See the new Selbys to-day!



Beau



Natalie



Selma

FITTINGS  AAAA TO C

STRAIGHT FROM PARIS...

● Carven uses a heavy jersey drape to give hip emphasis in this tobacco-brown jersey frock made with side and back pleats to give added fullness.



● Schiaparelli's suit for dinner or theatre is made of figured black moire. The jacket is cut to stand out over the hips and accentuate slim skirt, flaring to the instep from below the knee.

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 27, 1948



● Vest of black velvet closely moulded to the figure accentuates the voluminous black-and-white Scotch plaid taffeta skirt in Germaine Lecomte's ensemble.

● Huge gauntlet cuffs of black velvet to match the neat little turned-down collar give a distinctive air to Carven's fine black wool frock.



● Lanvin tailors blue satin into a fitting bodice with square low-cut neck, tiny sleeves, and a very full unstitched-pleat skirt to make an unusual dinner and dance gown.



● Gres uses tobacco-brown jersey to make the very full skirt, nipped-in waist, and magyar sleeves of this superb frock finished with a sash and bow of the same material.

Page 7

BLACK & WHITE'S longer Virginia Strands roll easily without waste. Ask for BLACK & WHITE Ready Rubbed.

Mary Horder's Fashion Notes -



Yellow Suede
waistcoat with
checked blouse.
laced skirt
worn with roomy
top coat of matching
hue.



Red jacket
Crimson wool
Contrasts with skirt
of Highland laced
bias cut.
Laced drawstring bag.



Beauca, frock of London
designs in two tones of
grey, deep gun metal
with silver. Hilma
collar of suit matches
overcoat of darker
Paulette's large supple
heret



Miss Mabel line-
pencil slim with
stiffened basque, tiny
fur necklet.
Hat, hand Rosen.



Full skirted top coat
of rich worn green,
singly belted, fur
collared. Kerosene
loque off the face ties
with bewitching knot
of veiling under the chin



Each panel separates
New wind wheeled skirt
Simple bodice. Gird
bound deep cuffs.
Jacket designed in new
vert de gris green with
leopard muffs and
beret perched madly
on one side of the head.

Dorothea
Johnston.

Interesting People



MRS. ILMA SHAW
... flats like towns

ENORMOUS blocks of flats built like small towns, with central playgrounds, over underground parking areas is one of building developments seen in America by director and secretary of a Melbourne building company, Mrs. Ilma Shaw. With daughter Olive Shaw, who runs own estate agency in Melbourne, she made 5000 mile tour of States by bus. Has brought back many plans for flats, houses. Her main hobby is gardening.



DR. R. HAMBRIDGE
... waging war on T.B.

LISTENING to radio plays is one of favorite pastimes of Dr. R. Hambridge, Red Cross T.B. specialist in N.S.W. Rowing and swimming are his main sports. Former pupil of King's School, Sydney, he is graduate of Sydney and Cambridge Universities. Has been chief physician for Surrey County Council, England. Was in T.B. Division, Bonegilla Army Camp, N.S.W., during war. Is 34 years old. Has crisp forthright, charming manner.



MISS DOROTHY STEVENSON
... London premiere

CHOREOGRAPHER of Australian ballet "Sea Legend," Dorothy Stevenson, Grafton, N.S.W., danced in it and produced it for its London premiere. Well known to Australian ballet audiences she is dancing principal roles with the International Ballet Company. Was with Borovsky Company, Melbourne. Vivacious and amusing, she loves music, reading. Is married to Englishman Dr. A. C. Rumsey. Is daughter of late Bishop of Grafton.

The Purple Plain

Continued from page 4

FORRESTER picked up his soap and began to lather it in his hands, not knowing quite what he was doing, aware of being furiously angry and of behaving badly, and yet of being able to do nothing about it.

All the tension and irritation of the earlier day, so explicable to him, but of utter unreasonableness to others, and only calmed and dissipated by the few hours with the girl in the village across the plain, now came back, black and heavy.

He flung the soap down into the water at his feet and then sat down.

The actual physical feeling of water against his sweat-soaked body had for a moment a curiously calming effect. He sat relaxed, staring at the fragmentary gold reflection of the moon in the water between his legs. And then his first moment of calm was broken as he looked up.

"I came to say I was sorry I put up a black." He looked up to see Carrington standing there.

The young, aristocratic, fair face, with its too-precise hair, still angered him. He knew with perfect rationality that this was the moment in which to end all the differences, the frictions, and the misunderstandings between them.

It would be a simple thing, a right thing and a final thing for him to get up out of the bath and by some casual remark end forever the childishness of something that was of his own making.

He had, after all, to fly with this boy, to know him, to give and to gain confidence, to share the physical and mental experience of operating over a vast wilderness of river and mountain and jungle.

Yet, as he sat there in the small ridiculous bath, tired of his own anger and knowing that a single moment of polite decency would wash away the stupid mess of it all, he could do nothing that would even take him as far as the accent of reconciliation.

It was Carrington who tried again. "I'm sorry we got off on the wrong foot," he said. "I had a message for you from Comilla."

"Oh?" Forrester tried vainly to recall anyone he might possibly know in that squalid and disliked air junction beyond the delta.

"A nurse in the hospital there," he said. "Miss Burke."

"Good Lord," Forrester said. "We talked a lot of you," the boy said.

"Oh, you did?" He resented suddenly the idea that the boy, fed on hospital gossip, might have arrived with some idiotic, preconceived notion about him. He resented Burke, too.

She was an angular, short-haired Irishwoman of forty, quick-tempered and tireless and fond of whisky, who wore trousers and had built up about herself an iron barrier of man hatred. She was known always as "Burke."

There was another sister, Johnson, English and sallow, who had worked with her in the hospitals of India and the forward dressing-stations of Burma, and who shared her lovelessness and her impatient hatred, really a pretence, of all the men they nursed with devotion and fortitude at various comfortless places in jungle and desert.

"She sent her regards," Carrington said. "She'll be in from Comilla to-morrow and will look you up."

Forrester did not answer. If there was one thing he did not want, it was Burke, with her masculine angularity, her medical cleanliness, and her whisky. Nor any longer did he want Carrington.

"You had better look out for a tent for yourself to-morrow," he said. "There's simply no room here."

"It was only for one night, anyway," Carrington said.

For a moment he did not know what to answer. The whole thing was a ghastly beginning.

Simply through pure pigheadedness he had put himself into the most monstrous and ridiculous of situations. He had behaved as a whole class of irresponsible and unfit officers behaved towards people of inferior rank—as if pompously drunk with petty power.

Among flying men, these distinctions of rank did not count for much. There were a lot of terse, rude, appropriate names for behaviour of that sort, and he knew perfectly well that Carrington would be thinking of them. Yet, even realising that, he could do nothing about it.

He reached for his towel. He had thrown it down in the dust, and now he could not reach it without getting out of the bath. Carrington picked it up, dusted it off on the legs of his bush trousers, and handed it to him without a word.

He snatched it and said, "Thanks."

Carrington began to walk away.

"All right," Forrester said. "We'll go over to the air strip first thing in the morning. You'll want to have a look at the country. How long have you been out here?"

"A bit more than a month," Carrington said.

He turned and went straight into the tent. With savage rubbings, Forrester dried himself with a towel that, because of his own carelessness, was full of harsh fine dust as raw as pumice stone.

He suddenly thought of Harris. He remembered he had not delivered the message to the corporal at the medical centre.

Thought of the message brought back to him in turn the thought of the Burmese girl waiting for him to wake into the strange world of the verandah under the great, shady, scented tree, the garrulous, energetic doctor, and the sick Burmese child lying, frightened and dazed by the stupor of fever, like a little glass-eyed yellow doll.

He thought of it all as he finished drying himself. And suddenly, together with the coolness after the bath, it calmed him down.

When Forrester went back into the tent, Carrington was lying on his bed, under the half-draped mosquito net, as if nothing had happened. But to his great astonishment, Blore was standing up.

He looked nervous and upset, standing stiffly and formally by his bed, almost at attention.

"Look, sir," he said. "It was only in the Intelligence office tent, on operational occasions, that Blore ever called him 'sir.' There seemed something curiously unfriendly about it now."

"What's up with you?" Forrester asked.

"I'll see the commandant in the morning and get fresh quarters," Blore said. "It's better for you and Carrington to be together."

"What are you binding about?" Forrester said. "You're posted anyway. You'll be gone in a day or two."

"You see, that's it," Blore said. "I'm not posted. All that's been cancelled."

"Tough." They sling you about like bags of offal, he thought. He felt suddenly sorry for Blore.

"What wonder have they thought up now?" he said.

"I think there's a flap on," Blore said.

"There's always a flap on," he said. "The whole thing is a flap."

No one spoke again, and after a few moments Forrester buttoned his tunic, picked up his hat and went out to deliver the message from the doctor.

In the early afternoon of the following day Forrester took off with Carrington, flying eastward. After the downward blinding light of the air strip, it became quite cool in the aircraft, the brutal heat of the plain below forgotten.

The plain itself became something of no more terror than a huge monotonous shore, unbroken except by the pencilling of tiny roads and by scattered groups of dark green stars that were clumps of palms, stretching away between the river and the mountains.

The river became like a bright extended arm of transparent glass, the brown contours of its bed and the blue-green depths of its waters revealed in the glittering bright air.

Please turn to page 29

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SAFEST AND BEST

Straw Hat Circuit

By EDWIN LANHAM

the theatre—own a piece of the show.

He tipped the bellhop, and as soon as the boy had shut the door he swung his suitcase on to the bed and opened it. His hands went under the mound of clothes, groping, and he brought out the bottle.

There was a glass on the washstand and he poured a drink and tossed it off neat; then he washed the soot from his face and hands and sat down in a chair by the window.

He closed his eyes, and his lips moved again in a tortured way as he mumbled his lines. It was harder and harder to memorise his part, and he had to have the lines right this time. He had to know his part and direct the play as well.

The theatre was a weathered grey rectangle with a broad front porch down where the boardwalk ended, facing out to sea. That afternoon three girls were at one end of the porch, two seated in wicker chairs, the third standing by the railing.

"Lily, you ain't got good sense," one of the girls said. She sat with her eyes half closed. "You're heading for trouble." She shook her head and tried it again, a little higher. "Lily, you ain't got good sense. You're . . ."

"What does this mean, *droit de seigneur*?" the girl in the other chair asked. "Helen, what

"The great man himself," Alice said.

They all studied the man as he descended the steps at the end of the boardwalk and turned toward the theatre.

"He looks kind of old," Alice said.

"And fat," said Betty.

"Sill," Helen said softly, "he's good-looking."

"Same old Jack Marley," Alice said.

"Did you see him in . . . ?" She broke off as he came within hearing.

Mr. Larkin, who had operated the theatre for the past six summers, came quickly out of the ticket office and waved his hand in a casual, friendly greeting. Jack Marley came up the steps, smiled at the three girls, and shook hands with Mr. Larkin.

"Whole cast will be here at three," Mr. Larkin said, and glanced at his watch. "Ten more minutes." He waved his hand. "These are the early birds. Girls, this is Mr. Marley."

Alice and Betty moved forward, but Helen remained by the railing. Jack Marley looked at her, and Mr. Larkin said, "This is the girl who plays Lily—Helen Wilson."

JACK MARLEY

went across to shake her hand, making a gracious gesture of it. His first glance showed what he was up against. Amateur talent. Very young. Too ethereal for the part of Lily the maid. He endeavored to hide his disappointment.

"And here comes our leading lady," Mr. Larkin said. "I suppose you know Mathilda Lynne, Jack."

He had played with her in stock at Stamford three years ago. Jack grinned and waved as she came up on the porch. She looked thinner, and her red hair had a darker tone than he remembered. There was a brittle quality in her gestures and in her voice, and he thought as he took her hand that she was getting on, as he was.

"Jack, it's good to see you," she said. Her faint smile reminded him of the summer three years ago. There had been a flirtation, a summer affair that had made Stamford endurable to them both.

As they went into the theatre the three girls followed like a brood of ducklings.

They had learned their parts already, and when the full cast was assembled on the stage Jack explained his conception of the play.

He talked about pace and timing, and he told them that he wanted a certain restraint in the acting. He didn't want a snob performance. It was delicate stuff, this servant girl and master entanglement, and he didn't want to hit it on the head with a sledge hammer. As he talked the girl who was to play Lily—what was her name?—watched him with big grey eyes.

Groaning inwardly, he thought, we're licked to start with. Why did they ever cast this girl as Lily? He'd have to speak to Larkin about it immediately.

He put them through the first scene of the first act, then he went to Mr. Larkin in the ticket office. Mr. Larkin was a lanky grey man, a veteran of stock. He listened to Jack's complaint, pursed his lips, and said slowly: "I know, Jack, she doesn't look the part, exactly, but she can act. She'll do all right."

"She'll kill the play," Jack said. "Larkin, it all hinges on Lily. She's got to be good."

"This is summer stock," Mr. Larkin said mildly. "This isn't Broadway. This is what they call the straw hat circuit, Jack. We do the best we can."

"I think we can do better than her."

"Got together the best cast I could," Mr. Larkin said, looking out the window toward the ocean. "Work on her. Give her a chance. I think she'll do all right."

Jack turned away. The door of the box office opened into the vestibule, and beyond was the porch. As he went through the door he saw the girl there, Lily, or whatever her name was, leaning against the railing. He met her eyes, then looked quickly away. But she left the railing and came toward him.

"Mr. Marley, may I speak to you a moment?"

He paused, feeling cornered, feeling angry and bitter. His voice when he spoke was crisp: "Well, what is it?"

"You're worried about me, aren't you?" Helen Wilson asked.

"My dear child," he began, then broke off. He nodded, and met her eyes. "Yes, I am."

"Honestly, I can handle the part." Her voice was eager. "I have it letter-perfect, and I'm good at taking direction. I . . ."

He moved away toward the steps, but she followed. "May I walk along the boardwalk with you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "All right, come along."

He knew what was coming. She had always wanted to act, even as a little baby. She had been a pupil of Sonia Dynamotovsky or some such name. And this was her chance, her big chance. But instead her opening was, "This play is important to you, isn't it?"

Jack was surprised, and looked down at her. He nodded. "Very important. I'm going to back the Broadway production."

She hesitated, then said softly, "It isn't a very good play."

He stopped short. "A critic, too?" "I mean, it might go over," she said, "but actually, it's a lot of snobbish nonsense, isn't it?"

Because of his own doubts about the play he was angry. "I think it's a very good play," he said. "When you've been around the theatre as much as I have, you'll learn that they don't teach you box office in dramatic courses."

"I'm not interested in box office," she said quietly. "I'm interested in the theatre as an art medium."

The brash little wench, Jack thought. The impudent youth of her. He chuckled and remembered when he might have said the same thing. But the smile froze on his lips. Those days were long past. He looked at her with new appraisal. She was very young, very fresh, and very radiant. Entirely wrong, he thought, for Lily, the maid.

"I thought we were going to discuss your fitness for the part," he said. "Not the artistic merits of the play."

That, he saw, subdued her. Her voice was low, and sounded hurt: "I've studied the part, Mr. Marley. I'll do the best I can."

He nodded. "We'll get to work on it, Miss . . . What was your name?"

"Helen Wilson." "Well, see here, Helen. I want this play to go over. I want you to be a big success. We'll get together, you and I, and work on your part."

She was smiling. "Thank you, Mr. Marley, I do appreciate it."

She walked off, leaving him feeling all at once very old.

Please turn to page 22

"That kiss was for luck," he said, meeting her surprised look.

TRAVELLING down on the train he had gone through his part, sitting by the window with his eyes closed and lips writhing as he mumbled the words.

Somewhere in his scrapbook there was a newspaper clipping that called his forehead noble, but the headline was receding now, and the flesh of his face had lost its firmness.

Occasionally he had opened his eyes to reassure himself that his reflection in the car window showed a still handsome man.

He had often thought that it was unhealthy for a man to be forced to deal in vanity as his stock in trade, but an actor must always appraise his appearance as a storekeeper takes inventory.

Vanity was a womanish weakness, he thought, and like a woman he felt a tightness in his stomach when he noticed how his cheeks had begun to sag a little. And the uneasiness he felt could not be relieved by the purchase of a new hat or a new suit, so he was weaker than a woman, really.

On the way to the hotel in a taxi he wondered if it were a good play. When he first read it he had thought so, but he had learned to distrust first readings. There was simply no way to tell.

You took a role. You worked

hard. Sweated through rehearsals, hammered the lines into your head; you tried to live the part, and, of course, you lost perspective. You never knew until the curtain came down on opening night whether the play was good or bad, or, for that matter, how good you were in the role, or how bad.

That last play, the Broadway flop in March, had been pretty terrible.

The hotel was down by the sea, facing the boardwalk in the old resort town. As he registered in the lobby he saw a poster with his own name in big block type: Jack Marley, star and director.

He had seen that name a hundred times in type and in electric lights, and the pattern of letters was pleasing to his eye, yet there was still a little sense of shock each time he saw it, as there had been the first time in the first play, nearly twenty years ago.

His thoughts returned to the new play. If the try-out went well in summer stock, it was assured of a Broadway production in the fall, and he would have the inside track—as leading man certainly, possibly director also.

If it went well here he would scrape up what money he could and buy a piece of the production. That was the only way to get ahead in

does that mean?"

Helen Wilson turned her grey eyes from the sea. "Oh, you know," she said shyly. "It means, well, just what this play's about, Betty. The rights of a master with a servant girl."

"It's a nice part for you, all right," Betty said. "You know, Helen, you could really get a break. I mean you've got a chance to grab off the part for Broadway."

"They'll pick some Broadway star, don't you worry," Alice, the other girl, put in. "It's too good a part."

"Oh, I know that," Helen said. She knew it very well. It was too good a part to throw to an unknown.

"Of course, you look the part," Alice said, grinning.

Helen smiled, but did not turn her head. She was aware she did not look the part of a servant girl. Her hair was thick and very lustrous, and her features were small and fine. But for the role she would draw her hair back tightly, and her small face, abandoned, would have a forlorn appeal that would be just right. She had tried it at her mirror.

"Look," Betty said. "I think that's him. Isn't that him, Helen?"

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1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran; 1 cup sifted flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 1 egg; 1/2 cup butter or other shortening; 1/2 cup brown sugar; 1/2 cup milk; Pinch of bicarbonate of soda; Pinch of salt.

Moisten All-Bran and soda with milk. Cream butter and sugar, gradually add beaten egg. All-Bran mixture, then stir in sifted flour, powder and salt, mixing evenly. Two-thirds fill buttered muffin or deep patty pans with mixture and bake in moderately hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

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● Black velvet bonnet strings and binding are allied with a jaunty quill and dove-grey felt to make this model by Fowlme, New York.



● Sally Victor's tarboosh cap shows strong Eastern influence. Made of beige felt, it is head-hugging with a tiny brim and crown sculptured into front height.

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NEW YORK designers show soft winter felts twisted into ingenious shapes and trimmed with feathers and gilt coins to gain clever effects.



● In another version of the tarboosh cap Sally Victor uses harem turquoise felt, trims it with gilt coins and makes the back ties of turquoise silk.



● Merging between a beanie and a visor, this grey felt by Sally Victor has a flat silhouette and is head-fitting. The matching grey veil is caught with a circlet of gilt coins.

● Lilly Dache's pale beige felt with rolled brim is given an even wider sweep by the striking trimming of two long natural condor feathers.



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Lipstick, 10/11 ● Cream Rouge, 14/3, 1/3
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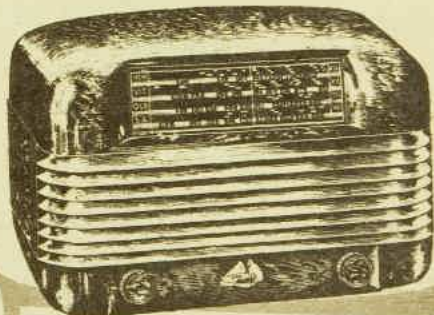
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● Black velvet sash ties a platina blue fox bolero jacket with harem sleeves. All furs shown here, and the platina fox stole on our cover this week, are from David Jones Limited, Sydney.



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Eileen Joyce finds color harmonies in music



EILEEN JOYCE wears different frocks to interpret the music she plays at concerts. Left to right: CESAR FRANCK, Symphonic Variations, pink-and-gold brocade taffeta dress, by Luchasse; BEETHOVEN Concerto, magnolia satin with big sleeves and draped skirt; MOZART Concerto, aquamarine-blue crepe with belt of authentic Victorian bead embroidery (orchid-turquoise and diamond), by Victor Stiebel.



Changes her frock to suit each composer in programme

By ANNE MATHESON of our London office

Australian pianist Eileen Joyce, who will arrive in Australia this week for a concert tour, believes that music can be translated into colors.

She changes her dresses to suit the color mood of a composer. A sound dress sense aids this feeling for color harmonies.

"I SIMPLY carry to a logical conclusion an idea that musicians have been toying with for years," Miss Joyce said when interviewed as she was leaving for Australia.

Although she is going by air, the pianist said she had packed all her stage frocks for her A.B.C. tour.

She added that she has no idea how many she has.

"When I know what I am going to play, I instinctively choose the right frock and color harmony for that particular music," she said.

"It not only gives me inspiration and a feeling of confidence that I am in closer harmony with the composer, but it helps to relieve the tension every artist feels before taking the stage.

"After I have changed my frock I change my hair-do to suit the style. But that has nothing to do with the composition I am about to play.

"I merely change my hair-do to keep my fingers supple—it is so much simpler than strumming on the edge of the table."

Eileen Joyce does not feel she is doing anything revolutionary in interpreting the color in music through her clothes.

"Many people turn music into colors," she says, "but they seem to interpret it in as many different ways as there are colors in the rainbow."

"I love pretty clothes, and it is natural they should be as much a part of me as my music. I have a color for each composer."

This is how a music critic of a leading London daily paper described her when her flair of harmonizing colors and music attracted attention:



AT HOME the pianist wears this youthful dinner-dress of pink taffeta.

"Eileen Joyce swept on to the platform at the Stoll in a peach-colored evening gown, looking like a debutante going to her first non-austerity ball, and then slammed into the opening chords of the Grieg Piano Concerto as decisively as a housewife making for a pair of nylons. A very good performance, beautifully clear cut."

Eileen Joyce's fans, knowing her color interpretations, send her lengths of material. "Otherwise, I could never have the extensive wardrobe one needs for the concert platform," she said.

Pretty enough to be a film star, Eileen's film music has multiplied



GRIEG PIANO CONCERTO is favorite composition of famous Australian pianist Eileen Joyce. For this she wears a series of pink dresses. This pink organdie one was gift of fans at the Horrocks factory after she toured the Midlands.

her fans. She played in "Brief Encounter" and in "The Seventh Veil." In "A Girl in a Million" she was seen as well as heard.

The Grieg Concerto is among her favorite music, and when she played it in "The Seventh Veil" her performance provoked as much comment and applause as did the performances of the stars.

Eileen's hair is red—a lovely titian. Her favorite color is pink.

But her favorite frock is lilac (for Liszt).

"Pure sentiment," she told me, "because it was the recording of Liszt's F Minor Etude I made with my last five pounds shortly after I arrived in England that became the year's best-selling record and brought me enough royalties to keep me in London."

Eileen Joyce, who was born in Tasmania, grew up in Western Australia, where her parents lived at Boulder. When she was 17, her outstanding talent was discovered at a music examination held in Perth, and sufficient money was subscribed to send her abroad to study.

She revisited Australia in 1936. Her husband, Lieut. Douglas Leigh-Barratt, died on active service with the Royal Navy in 1942.

They had one son, John, who is eight years old and of whom his mother says, "He hasn't a note of music in him," and adds that he tells her he just wants to be an ordinary man.

He takes a very poor view if in his opinion his mother crowds too many concerts and appointments into her life.

PIANIST'S COLOR LIST

- Gold-and-red brocade for Schumann.
- Lilac for Liszt.
- Red chiffon with touches of gold for Shostakovich.
- Mauve for Prokofiev.
- Pink for her favorite composer, Grieg.
- Russian - red brocades for Rachmaninoff.
- Green for Chopin.
- Luminous and changing colors for Wagner, such as shot taffeta.
- Gold-and-pink brocade taffeta for Cesar Franck.
- Green and red for Tchaikovsky.
- Aquamarine with embroideries for Mozart, for Mozart's music is blue.
- Magnolia for Beethoven.



SHOSTAKOVITCH: Red chiton with draped sleeves and tash and a gold hem. Photograph by Decca.



TCHAIKOWSKY: Green velvet with red underskirt and jeweled embroidery. Dress by Colin Beck.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

ALL over the world children are hearing this week the story of Easter.

They are listening to the message of self-sacrifice and of man's duty to his fellow-man as the basis of a happy and honorable existence.

They must surely compare, with some bewilderment, the simple truth of this teaching with the state of the world they live in.

Adults share this bewilderment — and not only adults who have a deep religious faith.

People who do not go to church—who have only a general feeling that the Christian system of ethics is the best foundation for peace between nations and individuals—are also shocked at the way the world is going.

They see others around them being dishonest, reaping large material rewards.

Yet the responsibility on the individual man and woman to set an example of Christian living is, for that very reason, greater than ever before.

It takes exceptional courage, amid the cross-currents of fear and hatred that are everywhere sweeping through the nations, to take up a stand for honesty, tolerance, and justice.

There is still hope for mankind in the message of Easter. It is still not too late to put this message into practice.

But unless individuals do make a start in their own lives, the world is doomed.



"It says I'm trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent!"

Worth Reporting at The ROYAL SHOW

MRS. L. JONES, of Lithgow, who was responsible for the 700 bottles of jams, preserves, jellies, pickles, and sauces in the Western District display at the Royal Show, was making bread when she was so young that she had to stand on a box to reach the table.

"I was the eldest of a big family," she told us. "I can't remember the time when I wasn't cooking. Mother used to say that whenever she turned her back I had something different on the stove."

Mrs. Jones is cooking most of the year for the Western District display. "I bottle anything I can lay my hands on," she said. "It's a full-time job." She has been coming down to help with the exhibit for fifteen years, has done all the bottling for the last two.

"Just before the Show opens, some of us work all night," she told us. "These exhibits can't be got together in much under a fortnight. Then there are the last-minute touches."

Like Miss E. Taylor, of Mudgee, whose family has been connected with the Western District exhibit for 25 years, most jobs are handed down from one generation to the other.

Miss Taylor has been brought down to the Show ever since she could toddle. She has inherited handling the honey display from her father, is responsible for the exhibit and the correct answering of all questions.

"People often want to know where the district exhibits get their outside vegetables and fruit," she said. "The answer is that there is someone in every district on the lookout. When we hear that someone has grown enormous melons or pumpkins, we ask if we can have one for the display."

THE laundry difficulty has hit not only those selling sample bags and providing their girl sellers with special uniforms, but a lot of mothers as well. Many firms can no longer hold out the offer of freshly-laundered uniforms so many times a week. They have to ask the girls to launder their own.

A representative of such a firm told us that when this was explained to their sellers, they almost all answered, "Oh, that will be all right, Mum will do it."

Off the rails

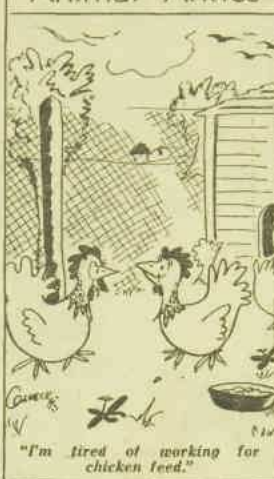
RAILWAY heads who got the idea of exhibiting their latest glamorised Sydney-Newcastle service car at the Show this year were faced for the first time with the problem of transporting a railway carriage without rails.

Up till now the 40-ton carriages under construction at the railway workshops have been built straight on to the 4ft. 6in. gauge, from which they can be shunted on to ordinary lines.

But until this year's show the problem had never arisen of transporting a carriage without a track, and the Railway Department was faced with either building a railway line to the Show-ground—or attempting to negotiate city traffic with a special jinker constructed to carry the 70-foot carriage.

The journey was accomplished at 6 o'clock one morning without accident, although the 14ft.-high carriage resting on the jinker came perilously close to overhead tram wires at times.

Animal Antics



"I'm tired of working for chicken feed."

Pig points

FOURTEEN - YEAR - OLD Neil MacDonald, of Point Clare, is seeing his first Royal Easter Show. Neil, who still goes to school, was in Sydney once before, but doesn't remember much about it. "I'm not too good in the city," he said. "I keep getting bushed."

He is helping Roy Kennedy, who is in charge of the 56 Large White pigs from Mr. D. Campbell's Helensgrove Stud. Neil and Roy were the first arrivals in the Pig Pavilion. The older pigs were sent by rail. Roy and Neil drove down with the sows and litters in the truck, just to keep an eye on them.

Roy Kennedy was in charge of the Campbell pigs last year, won ten prizes.

Neil is a useful boy with pigs. "I've been among them all my life," he explained. "And expect to be among them for the rest of it." As well, he claims considerable droving experience.

Roy Kennedy was at one time a drover.

The two boys were hosing some of the pigs down when we called. They gave us these tips about a Show pig's toilet:

At home, two weeks before being exhibited, they are oiled from head to toe with sump oil. The technical reasons for this were a little beyond us, but utterly convincing.

Once settled in their Show pens, they are scrubbed with a scrubbing brush and a mixture of water, liquid soap, washing soda, and white oil. After that they are hosed daily, stood on straw bedding. Before judging they are groomed all over with a brush dipped in paraffin oil.

Sideshow thrills

EVEN the approved sideshow people of this year aren't allowed to live on the grounds in the caravans and trailers of the past. R. Scarce, head of the five motor-bike riders who perform in the Globe of Death, told us.

They leave the Show each night, when an official nightwatchman takes over. Neat, newly built offices replace the caravans. The artists change and rest in these.

The boys aren't insured. They are considered bad risks. Mr. J. L. Herbert, manager of the Globe of Death, told us. Sometimes they get breaks and fractures, more often they don't. When we were talking to him, we noticed that Scarce had one wrist bound up.

But the really nerve-racking job they both agreed, is spruiking—talking in a loud voice outside, and getting the public in for the next performance. It's a strain, too, especially on big days. At the end of the Show most spruikers have a relaxed throat or laryngitis.

Old-timer

MOUSTACHED W. J. ("Pop") Booth has been helping prepare the Show for more than 35 years. He is a painter, has been painting stands in the Hall of Industries ever since there was a Hall of Industries.

Before that he gave the fixtures a lick of paint when industrial exhibits were housed in a little bagging square supported by wire-netting.

Shaking his head sadly, he told us that things aren't as good as they were. On this he refused to enlarge. "They just aren't so good, that's all," he repeated with conviction.

But Mr. H. W. Sullivan, who was in charge of the painters, carpenters, electricians, and artists working for a month on a futuristic display stand nearby, disagreed. He has helped turn out display stands for six Shows.

"Displays were good in the old days, but nothing like they are now. To-day they're works of art, showing the best in modern architecture. There's fluorescent lighting, floodlighting, streamlining, and more color."

Woodchopping expensive

ROYAL Agricultural Society authorities have always considered blackbutt logs used in woodchopping events quite an expensive item on their budget, but this year they will have to grin and watch 4400 worth of wood disappear in splinters before their eyes.

Increases in royalties due to the Forestry Commission for use of this wood, which comes from Heron's Creek, makes this year's woodchopping events the most costly on record, for entries are well above last year's figures.

More than 720 timber men from all over Australia are competing for world championships in woodchopping, hacking their way through 1500 logs of wood which will be cut into various lengths.

Although the entrants pay a competitor's fee, costs of these 70-odd tons of wood are met by the R.A.S.

"We have been running woodchopping events for the past 50 years, and they are considered the Mecca for timber men all over the country," an R.A.S. official told us. "It hurts to have to pay so much for the wood, but it's one of the finest events in the world."

New deal for dogs

SUPERVISOR of the Dog Pavilion, genial Harry Hall, of Bexley, one-time exhibitor, R.A.S. steward and dog judge, lives in his office while the Show is on, doesn't go home at all.

Known as "Chief" to the workmen, he had at one time 40 dogs. To-day he hasn't any. Instead he goes to dog meetings two nights weekly, travels about judging other people's dogs at dog shows. He rates the Newcastle dog exhibitors as the most polite, sportsmanlike, and attentive to visiting judges.

He has been connected with the R.A.S. for 30 years. He observes: Cocker spaniels are the most docile and friendly show dogs. Kelpies and cattle dogs, trained to work, the hardest to quieten down. Gundogs and terrier classes, he thinks, create the greatest public attention.

This year's innovations in the Dog Pavilion, of which he is proud, are the wire guards up in front of every bench, new floor pens for the Great Danes and other heavyweights who are too bulky to go up on the usual benches, and a series of movable gates that give a dog privacy from the general public until he has been judged.

He explains: In the past too many strangers have tried to pat and fondle dogs, irritated the dog, or been snarled at for their trouble. No dog shows to the best advantage if he has people looking at him and cooing at him before he goes into the ring.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

THE Royal tour will mean an influx of visitors to all capital cities visited by the Royal Family.

Sydney's Lord Mayor (Alderman Bartley) suggested that hotels could be established in warehouses or even on floors of retail stores.

It would be doubly useful if the labor and material could be put to more lasting use—that is, if some of the temporary accommodation provided could be of a kind which would serve for a few years afterwards to ease the general shortage of accommodation.

The road repairs which are to be done in Sydney, and doubtless in other cities, will be welcomed not only for the Royal visit, but for the lasting comfort of motorists and bus passengers.

ON the subject of housing, an English cable states that Holt Cable, in Worcestershire, Norman-built, is to be converted into flats.

In ten sixty six.

Housing troubles were nix.

In ten sixty six.

Was no shortage of bricks.

They had shumping great stoves.

Didn't bother with loans.

Post-Hastings they ran up a castle.

Which luckily turned out to last well.

So ten sixty six and all that.

Gives some homeless blighter a flat.

WISTFULLY I brooded over the

story of how British officials in Kenya have induced two native tribes to settle a war by swearing a peace oath over a symbolic fire and engaging in ceremonial chants.

My reflections on the superiority of uncivilised ways was braked by the last sentence, which told how one old man was so carried away by the ceremony that he chanted curses not included in the agreement.

Seems as if this trouble over peace conferences is universal.

IN New York, 11 U.S. Army volunteers are to try to live for six weeks on a daily allowance of 10¢ of special biscuits and three glasses of water. Purpose is to develop an official survival ration for military and civilian use.

Any English man or woman could provide information on a survival ration.

PEACEFULLY reading the paper the other night, I came across a paragraph stating that a woman judged the champion handbag-crammer, had 218 items in her bag. I can't see how she does it. I promptly emptied my bag on to the floor, but could count only 57, taking four pencils, five letters, and three handkerchiefs all as separate items but coins as one.

The matter is of no moment, except that as a result I was able to eliminate eight items.

THE Victorian Animal Welfare League, alarmed at the increasing number of wild stray cats, has issued a circular advising owners of female cats to have female kittens painlessly destroyed a few hours after birth; to keep only one male kitten and have that one neutered "what is called a neuter cat."

"If you do these things," continues the circular, "you will help to solve the stray cat problem."

Shouldn't be surprised, if this advice is followed, if the whole cat problem is solved ENTIRELY.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored
pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. After many adventures
they rescue some sailors in a fishing-smack,
who are in a trance-like sleep. Wakened by
oxygen, they felt with terror of seeing a

white ship without lights or crew. When
they know the Argos is going on, they leave
her hurriedly. Crew of the Argos threatens
mutiny as the yacht sails into a tropical storm.
Mandrake calms their fears, when through
the waves comes a ghostly white sailing ship,
its deck deserted.
NOW READ ON:

STEADILY, THE GHOST SHIP DRIVES
TOWARDS THE ARGOS. THEN A
HEAVY MIST RISES FROM HER
AND CURLS OVER THE ARGOS--



THE MIST SETTLES ON THE DECKS OF THE ARGOS-- MEN FALL,
UNABLE TO WALK-- THE DREADED SLEEPING MIST OF THE
GHOST SHIP!



HURRIEDLY, MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR TAKE COMMAND
--RUSHING ALL ABOARD THE ARGOS BELOW DECK--



AIR-TIGHT FLOOD DOORS ARE CLOSED, THEY
FIND SAFETY FROM THE CHOKING MIST IN
THE ENGINE-ROOM-- AND ALL REMEMBER
THE FISHERMEN WHO HAD FALLEN
BEFORE THE MIST AND ALMOST
STARVED TO DEATH AS THEY HELPLESS-
LY SLEPT...



BARTON DIGS UP TWO PORTABLE
UNDERWATER-HELMETS-- MANDRAKE
IS DETERMINED TO BOARD THE
GHOST SHIP. BETTY PLEADS
WITH HIM-- BUT HE DECLARES
THAT THE AIR IN THE
ENGINE-ROOM WILL
LAST ONLY SO LONG--



SO MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR DECIDE TO BOARD THE GHOST SHIP.
LOTHAR HESITATES. HE FEARS NOTHING THAT WALKS, SWIMS OR
FLIES, BUT GHOST SHIPS ARE ANOTHER MATTER. MANDRAKE TOUCHES
HIS ARM ENCOURAGINGLY--
AND LOTHAR DECIDES TO
BRAVE IT OUT!



LOTHAR TOSSES A ROPE TO
THE GHOST SHIP-- LOOPING
IT ON A POST-- HAND OVER
HAND, THEY CROSS THE
GAP, EVERY SECOND PERIL-
OUS SINCE THE SHIPS MAY
ROLL TOGETHER, CRUSHING
THEM!



ABOARD THE GHOST
SHIP-- AND WHAT
WAITS FOR THEM,
NEITHER ONE
CAN GUESS!

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

SOMETHING has gone a bit
wrong with the American
attempt to give an added gloss
to already gilded British film
players, and who is to blame?

Not so long ago we were rather
dazzled by the news that many of
England's best stars had been
offered, and in most cases had ac-
cepted, highly paid contracts from
American studios.

Obviously United States producers
had hoped to cash in on British
receipts as well as those of U.S.A. by
producing bigger and better films
than England, and displaying the
favorite British stars at the same
time.

This is a reasonable enough ob-
ject, but somehow or other the idea
hasn't quite come off.

Stars such as Michael Redgrave,
Rex Harrison, Deborah Kerr, Ann
Todd, and Phyllis Calvert all have
been under contract or on loan to
American studios, and much of their
work which we have seen is not
the best they can produce.

Michael Redgrave has been a
favorite actor of mine for years, but
just look at what he does in the
Universal International American
film, "The Secret Beyond the Door,"
in which he co-stars with Joan
Bennett.

Universal gives Mike a good, ab-
sorbing psychological drama, a
beautiful, competent co-star in Joan
Bennett, and a handsomely mounted
production--but, sad to relate, he
makes a poor fist of his part.

Most of the time he wanders
round looking as though he were
thinking of something far apart
from the film, or he turns on the
required semi-manicured glare so
suddenly that it appears badly over-
done.

I regret feeling obliged to make
this sour comment on a film which
otherwise is good.

Has novel plot

THE novel idea that a neurotic
man could spend his leisure
buying and assembling in his home
rooms in which murders had been
committed is intriguing, to say the
least.

The reason for such strange
goings on is, as one might guess, the
result of a childhood experience, and
it works up to a good climax, though
the final scene is unadorned corn.

The film is showing at the Victory
in Sydney.
Joan Bennett is one film star to
whom I pay my feminine tribute.
Mother of three daughters (one old
enough to be married), and at pre-
sent the prospective mother of a
fourth child, Joan retains her beauty
and her figure astoundingly.

I think her acting in this film is
the best she has done since "The
Macomber Affair," and she wears
luxury clothes to perfection.

To go back to my first remarks
about the odd effects of a trans-
continental studio change, just
think how Deborah Kerr's charm
and piquancy were damped in her
first American film, "The Hucksters."
She appeared to have had buckets
of cold water thrown over her per-
sonality, which had been so striking
in British films such as "Colonel
Blimp" and "Perfect Strangers."

Rex Harrison's suave twinkle and
man-about-town air are far too
clever to be lost easily. He did a
fine character job in the American
film, "Anna and the King of Siam,"
but his rollocking captain in "The
Ghost and Mrs. Muir" was not up
to the standard of his performances
in Britain's "Blithe Spirit" and
"The Rake's Progress."

Your Coupons

TEA: 9-50.
BUTTER: 12-15.
MEAT: Red, 29-32; blue, 32 and 33.
CLOTHING: 1-50 (1947), 1-50 (1948).

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The Australian Women's Weekly - March 27, 1948

STOP PRESS: Don't miss April issue of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

1/- at all Newsagents.

IDEAS for AUTUMN

from New York designers

★ Capes, voluminous coats, cutaway jackets, hats perched well to the side of the head, collars and necklines worn extremely high are ideas that found favor with New York designers for autumn clothes. The hats are specially suited to the new, flat, over-the-ears hair styles.



● Attached shoulder-cape is high fashion interest in Mangone's navy crepe suit, made with skirt flared for slight fullness. Pockets give hip emphasis. White buttons provide sharp contrast and the sleeves are finished with interesting cuffs.



● Postilion coat by Russek has a half-cape with simulated pockets. On the skirt are huge pockets, set off by a double row of stitching. Over-the-ears hair-do and hat perched well to side are part of the new-old look for autumn.

● Storm collar turned high to reveal a half-blue, half-red diamond at the nape of the neck is attractive on Mangone's red-and-blue plaid greatcoat, cut to give voluminous folds and loose raglan sleeves. (Right.)

● Rounded shoulders, an interestingly cut collar, and moderately flared skirt with slash pockets give an air to the Kelly-green gabardine suit designed by Molly. (Right.)



● A black-and-white wool coat with modified flared skirt designed by Mangone with a long, slim black frock, with side-bustle.





● Pointed lapels, reminiscent of an 18th century dandy's coat, are bright green on this navy blue suit by Molly. Cuffs are banded with matching green. Plumed matching hat is by Lilly Dache. (Above.)

● Russek's satin dinner-suit has a snug-fitting jacket trimmed with soutache braid embroidery, and is cut with scalloped peplum. Unpressed pleats give skirt fullness. Note the old-fashioned satin slipper, now in favor again. (Left.)



● Very high neckline of the blouse is an idea culled from the past and used effectively by Russek with this gabardine suit made with flared skirt and given hip interest with pockets in the jacket.

● Two-toned beige twill is used by Molly in this suit made with a tailored jacket and flaring skirt. The darker tone in the skirt is repeated in bias-binding on jacket.

● Finger-tip-length cape in grey yarn wool is lined, and has a border of stripe weave to give accent and match the jacket of the two-piece. Striped weave also accents hemline of gored skirt. It is designed by Mangone.



JACK felt better after the second drink in a beach-front bar. He was sitting over his third drink watching the swaying blonde, when Mathilda Lynne said, "May I, Jack?" and sat down across from him. He signalled the waiter without speaking.

"Here we are again," Mathilda said, "as regular as hay fever. Blooming with the goldenrod."

"How was the winter for you, Mathilda?" he asked, without much interest.

"I had a little spot in radio," she told him.

"Thank heaven for radio," he said.

"What would we do without it?"

"It was vaudeville in the old days," Mathilda said, and added quickly, "before my time, of course."

"Mathilda," he said, "what do you think of the play?"

"I don't like a mother role," she said. "Jack, I never played a mother role before."

"I know," he said. "But what do you think of the play?"

"It stinks, old boy."

His hand closed hard on his glass and his mouth was clamped tightly shut. His glance was antagonistic and his voice sharp: "The trouble with you, Mathilda, is you've been around the theatre so long your viewpoint is mildewed. I think the play's all right."

The blood left her face and she looked tired and too thin. "Mildewed is a very nasty word," she said.

Her brown eyes were forlorn, even in anger. He reached out and put his hand on hers on the table. "I'm sorry, kid. I didn't mean to be nasty."

He saw tears come into the brown eyes. "Oh, Jack, let's don't be messy. I'm sorry I said it. I wish I liked the play but I don't."

"I know," he said. "It's okay, Mathilda." He called to the waiter, then grinned at her. "I don't know

Straw Hat Circuit

Continued from page 11

about you, but I'm going to get quietly tight."

"I'll have the same," Mathilda said.

The ringing of the telephone awakened him. He reached out a shaky hand for the instrument, and a clear, cheery voice drummed in his ears. "Mr Marley, this is Helen Wilson."

"Who?"

"Lily, the maid."

"Oh," he mumbled. "What time is it?"

"Half-past eight."

"Half-past eight?"

"I'm sorry. Is that too early?"

You said you were going to help me and I thought we could get together this morning. Have a swim before breakfast and talk it out over the coffee."

"For heaven's sake!" he said. His eyes were open wide now. Half-past eight in the morning! Why, he was never human before noon. But it was a challenge.

"There's a place on the boardwalk where we can eat in our bathing suits," she said. "How about it?"

"Okay," he agreed. "I'll be right down."

He nicked himself twice while shaving. He felt unsteady and somewhat nude and exposed in his bathing trunks. He wrapped his beach robe tightly round him and went to the elevator. She was waiting on the porch, her eyes as clear as the morning sky.

"Isn't it a day?" she said. "I couldn't resist it."

She dropped her robe on the beach and he saw that her body was a golden tan. He was aware of the whiteness of his own arms and legs.

"Come on," she said. "It'll do you good."

She ran ahead of him into the water, pushed through the first breakers, and dived into a wave. He followed her, but the water was cold, and he did not enjoy the swim. When they returned to the beach he wrapped his robe round him.

On the boardwalk, overlooking the beach, was a restaurant where they had waffles and sausages, and after three cups of coffee his head was clear and he felt better. He felt younger, too.

They talked about her role and she listened eagerly to his suggestions; he saw how she made mental note of them, and he thought that possibly he could do something with her.

But he was depressed again when he learned that she was a local girl. She had not been a pupil of Sonia Dynamotovsky or anyone else at all.

Mr. Larkin had given her a chance with the apprentice group the summer before, and this year he had let her have roles in the stock company. This would be the fourth play in which she had appeared.

"I know I have lots to learn, Mr. Marley," she said. "But I do feel confident. I've never had stage fright. The minute I step on the stage I feel sure of myself. I always do."

He refrained from commenting on the confidence of ignorance. Instead he asked, "How does your family feel about your going on the stage?"

"Oh, they're as pleased as Punch," she smiled.

The rehearsal went well that day, and Jack was encouraged. Tomorrow would be the dress rehearsal, and the opening the next night. It was very little time, but the cast knew its parts, and after all it was summer stock. It need not be a perfect production.

He was disturbed that afternoon when he became aware how little attention he was giving his own part. He had been thinking of the play. He had been working on Lily, the maid, and he had given very little thought to Jack Marley, the star.

It was a new experience, a severe test to his vanity. He wanted this kid to make good, because of the play, and because of her, too. She was young and fresh, and so sincere.

When they were going over a scene in the third act he noticed an odd smile on Mathilda Lynne's face.

It was a love scene between himself and Lily, and he knew that he was more than an actor, more than a director, as he led her through the scene.

He was, he thought, an old fool, and the kiss he gave her as the scene closed was almost paternal. When he met Mathilda's eyes again he grinned.

Jack was disappointed that Helen did not telephone the next morning before rehearsal. He had rather expected another morning on the beach. But she was waiting at the theatre, and told him that she had been going over her part, with her father and a friend for audience.

"The whole play," she said. "They took turns reading the other parts. Pop insisted on it."

At the dress rehearsal that afternoon he was the only one of the cast to blow his lines, and again he was reminded how he had made his own role secondary to the success of the play.

It was definitely a new experience, but it had its immediate compensations. The look in her grey eyes, the quick turn of her head when he spoke, her childlike faith in him.

Mathilda Lynne walked back to the hotel with him and told him: "Jack, you've got the makings of a great director. You're doing wonders with that girl."

He grinned. "You know, she might go over."

Mathilda nodded. "She might, but, Jack, the play's no good."

"You've got jaundiced eyes," he said. "Because of that mother role. We'll wait and see!"

Her eyes inspected him. She shook her head. "Jack, I'm worried for you. I'm afraid you're headed for a disappointment."

"Skip it, Mathilda. I can take these things in a stride."



"The kid is only twenty years old," Mathilda said. "I asked Larkin."

He stared at her and felt the hot color in his face. She went on quietly, not looking at him. "She's engaged to a boy here in town. Has a nice business renting summer cottages. Have you met him, Jack?"

"No."

"Come on, Jack." She grinned. "Let me buy the drinks this time."

He could not be angry with Mathilda. She was all right, a trouper. You could depend on women like Mathilda, whom life had taught to control emotion and salvage the bread even if it felt butter-

side down. He would not let her buy a round, and there were many rounds.

When he reached the theatre the next night and went backstage and saw Helen Wilson he felt at once that the play would go over. She had drawn her hair back from her face and she looked a wispy, timid little maid.

The aloofness was shyness now, and she was covered all over with radiance, that wonderful amateur radiance, and it was what was needed in the part.

Please turn to page 28

NO MORE Lonely Saturday Nights FOR LAURA

SATURDAY NIGHT AND NOT GOING OUT! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU DO WITH YOURSELF?

OH, I GUESS I CAN FIND THINGS TO DO

LAURA LOOKED SO MISERABLE. I ALMOST FEEL WE SHOULD HAVE ASKED HER TO JOIN US

OH, I COULDN'T BEAR SITTING NEXT TO HER IN A STUFFY THEATRE... NOT WITH THAT B.O.

PANCY ME WITH 'B.O.' BUT I'LL NEVER BE POOLED AGAIN. NOTHING BUT CREAMY, REFRESHING LIFEBOUY FOR ME NOW

TWO WEEKS LATER

M'AM, TALL AND GOOD-LOOKING — I COULD GO FOR LAURA'S BOY-FRIEND MYSELF

The hotter the weather the more you need Lifebuoy

Oh but summer days you perspire more freely. That's why you need Lifebuoy more than ever — it's the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." With its special health ingredient Lifebuoy gives lasting and all-over protection!

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP FOR LAURA, I'VE A HUNCH THAT LIFEBOUY HAS A LOT TO DO WITH IT!

LIFEBOUY

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

W.226.82

Its cleaner, brighter Taste means cleaner, brighter teeth! Smoother, richer-foaming

New Pepsodent, with Grium.

removes the film that makes your teeth look dull!

Full sized tube in a new tailored to fit container

Pepsodent

P734 88

RED CROSS

has a place for you
in its peacetime
work for humanity

CARING FOR SERVICEMEN

An Ex-Service patient enters
a Red Cross Wheel-Chair
Ambulance.



SAVING LIFE

A Blood Donor visits a tiny
patient whose life was saved
by a donation of his blood.



PREVENTING DISEASE

A doctor examines a radio-
graph made during a cam-
paign against Tuberculosis.



PRIOR CLAIMS AT ALL TIMES
ARE THE NEEDS OF SICK AND
DISABLED SERVICE AND EX-
SERVICE PERSONNEL.

BUT—Wherever there is Need
—THERE you will find Red
Cross—

IN HOSPITALS AND CON-
VALESCENT HOMES
GIVING RELIEF TO THE
SUFFERING AT HOME AND
ABROAD.



CANBERRA PICNIC RACES. Pat McKell (right) and Joy Carrodus, of Canberra, are early arrivals at the Acton racecourse. Pat and sister Betty bring picnic lunch from Yarralumla.



YOUTHFUL Ann Litchfield, of Cooma, and Frances Horton Browne, of Young, back their fancy for the Canberra Picnic Race Club Cup.



BOMBALA VISITORS Mrs. Tom Ryan and Mrs. Beu Henderson study their racebooks while the latter enjoys a brief rest on her shooting-stick.

Intimate Gossipings

CANBERRA Picnic Race Club one-day meeting is gay with traditional picnic spirit, despite fact that Capital, which comes of age this year, is fast turning into a busy little city.

Visitors from most parts of N.S.W. and as far afield as Winton, Queensland, flock to Acton Racecourse and spare time from racing interests to admire beautiful view of mountains in distance.

Races are all exciting, with bachelor Bob Stewart's tartan colors heading the field in three races, including the Canberra Cup.

PARLIAMENT adjourns on afternoon of day before races, and in the few hours between dinner and supper Hotel Canberra lounge is completely transformed. Politicians and their staffs drive off to Fairbairn Airfield as utility trucks and cars drive up with race visitors. First arrivals are the Ernest and Owen Merrimans with the various Hyles families right on their heels. Two Hyles' are on race club committee, and, in the words of Geoff Hyles, "there's a tribe of us."

THE Hyles' didn't bring their usual number of horses to this year's meeting, but there is much excitement among clan when Frank Hyles' daughter, Mrs. Peter Watson, of Pennant Hills, wins the second race with her horse, Kentish Lad.

UBIQUITOUS Harry Calthorpe, life member and foundation secretary of the Canberra Picnic Race Club, watches interests of Brigadier W. D. McDonald, who could not attend races, and sees latter's horse, The Snipser, run second in Beaton Stakes.



ENGLISH VISITOR Richard Stock watches racing with Joan Andrews and pastoralist Rudolf de Salis, both of Canberra. Joan wears attractive cherry-red wool suit.



GAYEST GROUP on racecourse are Lyndall Thompson, Toby Barton, Janet Chapman, Arthur Nelson, all of Sydney; Ann Milton, of Canberra; and Mollie Triggs, of Lake Cargelligo.



HAPPY TRIO at Picnic Race Club Ball are Ruth Gullett (left) and the Comte and Comtesse de la Grandville. Ruth wears sunray-pleated satin with gold sequins, and the Comtesse full-skirted fog-blue sheer.



BUFFET DINNER enjoyed by Joan White and Jerry McMurtrie, both of Canberra, at National Crescent home of Mr. Justice Simpson and Mrs. Simpson before going on to ball at Albert Hall.



BETWEEN RACES chat for Mrs. Mac Chirnside, of Moore Springs, Bombala, and Mrs. Owen Merriman and Mrs. Ernest Merriman, of Ravensworth, Yass. Mac Chirnside and Owen Merriman were riders in the Milong Bracelet.

MOST of Yass seems to have made the trek to Canberra, and I run into them everywhere. First two I meet are Mrs. John Bucknell and daughter Cleo. They tell me two of their horses are entered in races, and later I see one of them pass the post first in the Murryong Handicap. Next Yass people I see are Mrs. Mill Barber and Mrs. Copley Collins. They are standing on seat with Mrs. W. Horton Browne, of Young, watching the start of the first race.

DRESSING is very smart with grey tailored suits maintaining apparently unceasing popularity. Two of the most beautifully tailored are worn by Mrs. Peter Willsallen, of Juglong, and Mrs. Forbes Gordon, of Bungendore. I see them busily arranging picnic lunch with Mrs. Sam Osborne, of Harden, Mrs. Tim Gordon, of Cooma, and Mrs. Feuton Brand, of Bungendore. Lunch was piles of crisp rolls, jars of salad, roast poultry, and cool drinks banked around a big block of ice in a tin tub.

BUFFET dinner at home of Mr. Justice Simpson and Mrs. Simpson is well under way when I get there. "Rocket" Simpson cheerily assists his parents in entertaining guests, who include many of his University friends. Mrs. Philip Lusk, of Wollstonecraft, and blonde Pat Stapleton, of Vancluse, both look attractive in black, the former in clinging crepe with beaded sash, and Pat in off-the-shoulder heavy satin decorated with three large pink roses.

CLUB president Brigadier J. R. Broadbent and Mrs. Broadbent have cheery cocktail party at the Gloucester before sitting down to dinner with guests, who include the "Boy" Booths, of Bywong, Sutton, and the Ned de Mestres, of Yass. The Alex Scotts, of Carwoola, Bungendore, are a happy pair in another dinner party because their horse Mowright is an easy winner in the Huntley Maiden Handicap.

BALL at the Albert Hall is mecca for young people, and I see some lovely gowns. Am surprised that only two ballerina-length frocks are worn. Both are lovely, particularly Tania Teppema's off-the-shoulder ice-blue stiffened satin with fairly full skirt.

See John Tanner, of Lindfield, dancing by and take a quick look at his shirt front. Am pleased to see it looks immaculate, because John had despaired of being able to attend ball after a bottle of turpentine leaked on to the only stiff shirt he had with him in Canberra. However, combined laundry efforts of amateur John and a local firm did the trick.

MET many friends of Joyce Bowden, who usually signs this page, and regretted having to tell them that Joyce has been ill. However, it looks as though she's on the road to recovery now, and it should not be long before she is out and about again.

Georgie



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1 FAMOUS ACTOR Tony John (Ronald Colman) successfully requests his former wife, Brita (Signe Hasso), to appear with him in new Broadway stage production of "Othello" as Desdemona.



2 IN SMALL CAFE, Tony, who has queer obsession which makes his stage roles govern his real life, meets blonde waitress Pat (Shelley Winters).



3 DURING PLAY, Tony, who has huge success as Othello, frightens Brita by injuring her in scene in which Othello kills Desdemona. Tony has become completely obsessed with his stage role.



4 CELEBRATION of second year of play brings Brita and Tony together, though Tony is jealous of Brita's friendship with her agent, Bill (E. O'Brien).

A DOUBLE LIFE

AFTER playing mostly straight roles for 25 years, Ronald Colman has a character part in Universal-International's drama "A Double Life."

He has referred to the part, which is that of an actor, as one of the most difficult he has ever handled but the one which he enjoyed playing more than any other.

Signe Hasso has her best film role as Colman's wife, who divorces him because of his strange personality but remains his friend and co-star.

Stage actress Shelley Winters, who appeared in "Oklahoma!" on Broadway, has a good supporting role, and plans to remain in Hollywood permanently.



5 FOLLOWING quarrel, Tony leaves Brita to visit waitress Pat, whom he strangles during a fit of madness.



6 SUSPICIOUS over Tony's strange manner, Brita is worried. Tony hears of Pat's murder but is uncertain whether he just imagined he had caused her death.



7 REALISATION by Tony that he murdered Pat comes after he falls into trap set by Bill and detectives, with help of another waitress who resembles Pat. Tony's reaction to meeting the girl proves he had known Pat.



8 FINAL tragedy comes when Tony, knowing he is insane, kills himself with dagger during "Othello" scene.



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Straw Hat Circuit

Continued from page 22

JUST before the curtain Jack went to her in the wings and whispered, "Scared?" "Oh, no," she said. "I'm never scared."

He grinned. He was usually scared himself, and he was scared now, but he could not remember how it had been the first time.

He said, "Here's for luck," and bent and kissed her. She smiled, and he saw Mathilda watching them. Mathilda wrinkled her nose.

"Pop's in the first row," Helen said. "Want to take a look at him?"

Jack looked, but not to see her father. The young man was tall and sunburned, and his expectant eyes were fixed on the curtain. "Who's that with him?" Jack whispered. "Oh, that's Tommy."

Jack glanced at her. "The boy-friend?" he asked.

"Just the kid next door," she said. "We grew up together."

The flustered young woman who was the stage manager was calling "Places," and Jack walked to the wings and stood beside Mathilda. As the curtain went up and Helen's voice rose, clear and confident, Mathilda looked at him and gave him a confirmatory nod.

When the girl made her first exit there was a determined clatter of applause from the front row where her father and the young man sat.

She looked at Jack rather shamefacedly, but he said: "You deserve it. You're doing fine."

In fact, she was better than he had expected, and at the end of the first act there was a comfortable round of applause.

The second act did not go so well. Jack had known that the act dragged, and the cast heard the ominous creaking of the seats under a restless audience. But when the curtain was lowered the applause was even stronger.

"That's relief," Mathilda said. "They're glad it's over." She shook her head at Jack. "It's certainly not for the play, Jack."

Jack nodded. He knew that the applause for him had been dutiful, for the imported star. The home-town applause was for this little Miss Wilson who was stealing the show. What show there was, that is.

The third act was paced fast, and the best scene was his and Helen's together. As they acted it he knew that his performance was not good; he was even having trouble with the lines. But all the time he was watching her, encouraging her, and she responded.

In that one brief scene she was really good, and the curtain went down to a thunder of handclaps.

The entire cast took the first curtain, Jack between Mathilda and Helen, holding their hands. As he bowed he whispered, "Okay, Mathilda, the play stinks."

"Well, next time, Jack."

"Yeah, next time."

The three of them took a curtain call, then Jack and Helen together. He could see her father and the young man leading the applause. The curtain fell and he said quickly, "This is yours, Helen," and walked offstage.

Mathilda's eyebrows went up. "Bowing out, Jack?"

He grinned. "That's hers. Not mine!"

They gave the girl three curtain calls, and then she ran to him holding out both her hands. "Oh, I know I didn't deserve that. But thank you, Mr. Marley."

"You ought to have it once in your life," he said. "It's good for the soul."

"She'll have it lots of times," someone said, a girl named Alice something or other who had a bit part as a cook.

"You were right," Jack said to Helen. "The play is a bad play."

"But they liked it," Helen cried. He shook his head.

"Let me tell you something," he said gently. "It was a bad play, badly directed, and presented by a bad stock company. The audience liked you, not the play, and they liked you because you were young, and glowing, and sincere, and because it's your home town, and they all know you. You were the best of a bad bargain—but, honey, you can't act."

The flush left her face, and her grey eyes grew big. It was like slapping a child, but he went on steadily. "You've got no business on the stage. This part turned out to be a natural for you, but that was just a lucky break. It won't happen again, Helen."

She stared at him, and suddenly whirled away, but he had seen the tears in her eyes. The girl named Alice said indignantly, in a voice clear for him to hear, "It's because she stole the show. He's jealous."

He saw Mathilda looking at him, and he, too, turned away. He went back to his cramped dressing-room and began wiping off the make-up.

HAZEL



"You know what this dump needs? A poker machine."

He saw that his hands were trembling. He needed a drink.

There was a soft noise, and he heard the opening of the door. He turned, and saw Mathilda closing it softly behind her.

"Well, that was a charming little scene," Mathilda said.

He went on wiping off make-up. He knew that Mathilda understood, and that was why she was here in his dressing-room.

"Look at me," he said. "Mathilda, look at us. You heard me saying I was going to produce this show on Broadway, but you know I haven't got a dime. Neither have you."

"Sure," Mathilda said. "My first part was a natural, too. At least I thought so. It went like that."

"She can't act," Jack said. "Not any better than you or me."

Mathilda accepted it. "No," she said.

Jack looked at his face in the mirror.

"I could have buttered her up," he said. "You know how those things are. It would have been easy. But I was watching the boy out front, there with her father."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I guess I could have handled it better, but that's the way I did it."

"It was okay," Mathilda said. "Jack I am going to buy a drink this time." Her brown eyes were soft and her smile was warm, comforting.

"You know what I am going to drink to?" she asked.

"Yeah," Jack said. "To radio."

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If You Want To Know The Time

Continued from page 5

Now only Bill and Susan were left in the room. She felt embarrassed over Joan's parting remark, and could see Bill looking at her.

"Could I go please, Mr. Mortimer?" she asked.

Bill continued to look at her for a while, then said: "Miss Martin, do you know that a murder was committed on these premises to-day?"

"I did receive some hint of it," came the sarcastic answer.

"Well, I can't understand your asking to go when you surely know suspects are never allowed to leave the custody of the police."

After a few seconds Susan managed to gasp: "But—but—"

"But what, Miss Martin?"

"But you let everyone else go."

"Yes, but I had all of them tailed with a squad of police," Bill replied, "and there's none left for you. You left it a bit late."

He added kindly: "If you had gone with Miss Emmerson I wouldn't have minded giving Mr. Morrison a message." Then he settled down in his chair with a book.

"Now you just listen to me, Bill Mortimer, and put that book down," ordered Sue. "Are you going to listen?" she demanded.

"I think everybody in the street will be listening if you keep up that yelling," said Bill.

"I'm not yelling," Sue said. "You needn't think you can keep me here when you've let the others go. I'll complain and have you sacked."

"Oh, Miss Martin, please don't do that. Won't you think of my wife and children?" pleaded Bill.

"You're not married are you?" Something Sue couldn't explain made it imperative for her to know.

"No," came the unconcerned answer. "But that's the usual speech when you're threatened with the sack, isn't it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the exasperated reply, "but—"

"Well you should, because it's certain to come in handy some day."

Susan resolved to change her tactics. "Bill, please, I have to go at half-past seven, and it's nearly that now," she said humbly.

Just then came the sound of a car stopping at the house. She turned and said angrily, "He's here and I'm not ready."

Bill looked thoughtful. "Mmm, a car. Of course, I couldn't offer you that. Probably that's the attraction. Anyhow, I'll see what he's like, and maybe I could get my face lifted."

The doorbell rang and Bill went to answer it. Sue heard Bill saying something about the murder.

She could hear Mr. Morrison's astonished reply, as they walked towards the dining-room, and Bill saying: "Oh, no, nothing at all to do with it. We're just watching the place as a matter of routine."

Then they were at the door and Mr. Morrison hustled forward.

"My dear Miss Martin, this is a most terrible affair. I don't know how you came to be involved in it. I can't think what father will say. He thought your character was so irreproachable."

Susan found herself becoming angry with Mr. Morrison for making such a fool of himself before Bill.

Bill spoke and Sue could detect a quiver of amusement in his voice.

"I don't think you understand, Mr. Morrison!" he said. "Miss Martin isn't involved in this at all. It was just unfortunate that the victim happened to be living in this house."

"Now, now, young man, you keep out of this," Mr. Morrison commanded. Turning again to Sue he added: "I really don't think I can keep our engagement, Miss Martin, until I have spoken with father."

"I really don't think I can keep our engagement at all, Mr. Morrison," Sue said angrily, "since you obviously don't believe what Bill said about my part in this affair."

"Bill? Who's Bill?" asked Mr. Morrison. "Oh, you mean this policeman. You really mustn't get familiar with these people, you know."

"He's not 'this policeman,'" said Sue hotly. "He's—he's—"

"Well, my dear, who is he?" asked Mr. Morrison patiently.

Sue took a deep breath. "He's my fiancé."

Mr. Morrison looked stunned for a minute. "Your fiancé? I—I don't know what to say." He gave a furtive look round the room, then murmured: "I think—yes, I'm sure—I really must be going," and he hurried off.

There was a deep silence as the sound of the front door slamming echoed through the house.

Suddenly the phone gave a shrill peal. Bill took up the receiver. He spoke for a few minutes and replaced it.

Turning to Susan he said: "Nelson caught his man trying to board a train at Central." He paused for a moment. "So that's that," he finished quietly.

Sue, who did not seem to be aware of Bill's remark, said: "I'm sorry. I'll tell him it wasn't true. I'll ring him in about half an hour. He should be home by then."

"Well, while you're waiting, I just want to clear up a little matter that's been bothering me for some time past. Will you marry me?" Sue's eyes, bright with tears, turned on him. Her face broke into smiles as she said, "Why, Bill, I'd love to."

"Then we'll just leave Mr. Morrison and father to themselves," laughed Bill, as he moved towards her.

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To be continued

The Purple Plain

Continued from page 10

For a moment he felt half inclined to talk to Carrington about them. He thought a while and then changed his mind.

He said instead, quite flatly, "Everything all right with you?"

"Perfect," the boy said.

He detected in the voice an answering flatness that he knew quite well belonged to what had happened the night before. We can't go on like this, he thought. This is just silly. All his irritation had evaporated, as it always did, in the serious business of flying with another man.

It was part of the contradiction of the business of flying that, as he sat there, talking quietly, looking calmly down on the hostile mass of rock and jungle below, he looked like a man who was never anything but self-possessed.

His tiredness, the long, deep tiredness of war that he had felt so sharply the night before, had become merely part of the tautness of his face.

As he was about to speak again, Carrington gave him an alteration of course. He looked instinctively at his watch. The change had come practically at the correct second.

They were flying on a sort of dog's leg, and this would be the turn at the elbow. Nothing much wrong, he thought.

He flew on for another twenty minutes before Carrington gave him the second change that would take them back to the air strip. He looked at his watch again, and saw that it was almost four.

They would be back by half-past, and in another hour the really fierce, maddening heat of the afternoon would be gone.

Forrester took the aircraft down in a steady line for about a thousand feet. The heat bumped it heavily for a moment or two.

Then, as it levelled out and steadied again, he looked down, still fascinated, at the veins of sand splitting the dark valleys below and

saw that the whiteness of sand had begun to be broken by dark patches.

He decided to go a little lower and discover what these dark patches were, and in a few moments, going down another thousand feet, he saw that they were patches of scrub. He could see the branches, sage green against the brown-grey glitter of boulders strewn about the river bed.

It was only here and there that the sand lay quite clear, in stretches two or three hundred yards long, and perhaps a hundred wide, where the torrent of the monsoon had smoothed it away.

In another ten minutes they were over the plain and in another five he could see the air strip, the bungalows and bashes of the palm-fringed town, the tents like clumps of brown sea-shells.

As he came in to land they seemed to be flying up to him, until at last the aircraft and the dark dusty landing strip became smoothly one and he was down, and all the cool restful remoteness of the sky was gone.

Taking the aircraft from the strip to its dispersal point at the far end, Forrester felt the heat concentrate violently in the cabin.

By the time he brought the aircraft to a stop and cut its engines he was drenched with sweat, and as he climbed down on to the dust the final rush of heat and light rebounding off the glassy particles of dust smashed across his eyes, dazzling him with such violence that he could not see.

"Thanks," he said. He pulled down the peak of his cap to shade his eyes. "Very nice do."

He knew that Carrington would deduce from that flat piece of understatement that he was really very pleased. Perhaps the boy would be pleased, too; and this, perhaps, would be the beginning of the reconciliation that sooner or later would have to come.

But to his surprise the boy said nothing. He did not even seem to be listening. And suddenly Forrester, turning abruptly, saw why.

A WAY in the distance, flowing out of the characteristic mass of purple heat haze, the shape of the lower jungle began gradually to come to life like something seen through binoculars.

Out of the haze came the dark sun-spilt figures that were the valleys; then out of the valleys, more slowly, the rocks that were the lateral spurs; and then out of the rocks the trees, like gigantic masses of encrusted moss, that were the jungle itself.

Unbroken except in the extreme edges of tiny veins of roads that looked like no more than animal tracks, and utterly unbroken by any glint of water, the jungle spread out, dark and barbaric, into limitless distances beyond the plain.

The mass of purple mountains that from the ground had seemed like nothing more than a remote thundercloud now became a continent, green and black and sometimes, in places, a curiously brilliant brown where the sun burned treeless outcrops of rock.

Sometimes out of the gigantic curtain of moss there appeared small tributaries of blistered sand, white as bone. To Forrester they looked like the dried valleys of smaller watercourses.

Whenever he saw these waterless courses, scorched dead by the long heat of the dry spell, he thought of them instinctively as possible means of escape.

This assessment of the earth below him as a possible or impossible place for landing had set up inside him a permanent state of contradiction. It had persisted side by side with his desire for death, so that even when he deliberately sought a way to die, he was also instinctively seeking a way of escape from disaster.

Now, as he flew on beyond the plain, he found himself consciously photographing the mass of rock and jungle below, trying to break the bewildering enormity of it into fragments he could recognise and remember.

After a time he gave up trying to record the vast repetitive cushion of green and black below, but the little tributaries of sand persisted in fascinating him.



command
performance

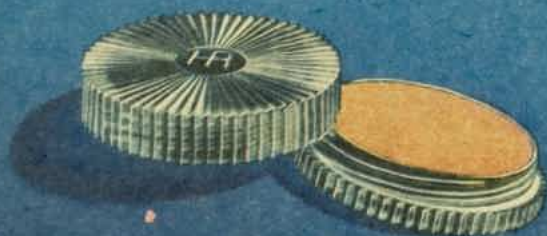


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PROVIDED the hair has a certain amount of curl, natural or otherwise, anybody at all dexterous can, after a few trial runs, roll curls and coax waves into place sufficiently well to maintain a well-groomed head between salon appointments.

I stress "certain amount of curl" because without it the best set will wilt perceptibly within the hour, and probably disappear entirely in a little longer.

This is not meant to suggest that all and sundry can turn out professional-looking hair styles. There are obvious limitations attached to setting one's own hair, even for the clever ones who have a positive knack for it. But having grasped the essentials of self-setting, it will be found invaluable in keeping the hair always looking its best.

Pincurls are the mainstay of home hair-fixing — those methodical little curls, rolled soaking wet and pinned flat to the scalp to remain until bone-dry.

So here we discuss and diagram a pincurl pattern. A constructive idea is to note how your hairdresser goes about preparing the hair for setting — combing, pushing, and coaxing the hair into contour, dividing it off cleanly, and wrapping the ends while the hair is still thoroughly wet.

It is a mistake to half-dry the hair first; just towel off the drips, add a touch of brilliantine if the hair is dry, and set to work.

For settings without an initial shampoo, brush well and dampen with setting lotion, or wet with warm water.

TOP LEFT: Pincurl winding begins at knuckle, continues towards fingertip. Top Right: Strand remains ribbonlike throughout winding. Lower Right: Assembly-line curls make sleeker hair-dos. Crossed hairpins hold curls firm and flat.

The main idea is to concentrate on a small section of the head at a time; so first part the hair off into four sections — top, two sides, and back.

Then select one on which to commence, pinning all the remainder firmly out of the way. Each work section is redivided into other smaller strands; the more the better.

We've all seen how the hairdresser takes a very thin strip of hair for each pincurl. We do likewise because it simplifies both the rolling and drying.

Here are the steps in pincurling:

A. — Separate the very thin strip of hair, comb it flat like a ribbon for easier winding, and with the right hand hold it up and away from the scalp firmly.

B. — Pointing the left index finger down at the scalp (as a general direction, not a strained contortion) begin winding on the strand about centre-joint, and at a point about an inch from the roots of the hair. Continue winding firmly, not tightly, down towards the fingernail.

C. — Preparatory to releasing the curl, carefully slide the circles together towards the fingertip, at the same time tucking the curl ends (still in the right hand) into the centre of the ringlet.

Once the curl is released — and you have done a good job if you are now holding it flat between the thumb and index finger of each hand — it will more than likely need an extra turn or two in order to take up that inch of slack at the roots.

Very carefully here — keep the curl flat and use both hands still to make sure those elusive ends don't escape and cause the whole curl to concertina.

D. — Turn the curls in the direction in which you want them to lie when dry, place them pancake-flat on the scalp, and keep them that way by pinning with two hairpins, crossing in centre.

Of course curling the back hair is a feat requiring long practice, extra patience, and a triple or rear-vision mirror. It can certainly be done, though. Divide the hair sharply down the centre back, again pin off one half and separate the remainder into several pieces.

It might help to start the curls at the centre back and work out towards each ear, rolling each curl right down to the roots, and turning and pinning right-hand curls towards the right ear and left-hand curls towards the left ear.

When all the hair is pinned into place, slip on a close-fitting net and dry completely.

Sculpture curls, small curls, or pincurls — all may be made from this pattern, with the slight variation that the two former are wound over two or three fingers, utilising heavier strands.

Horrockses

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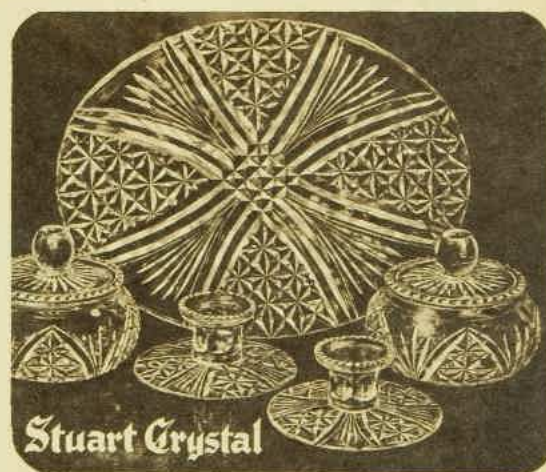


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AHEAD FOR FIGURES

Cheers my dears! Those lovely Lady Ruth Charmalettes are back again. They're here to keep figures neat and trim and to give that wonderfully reassuring support that every modern woman needs. They incorporate the famous Charma "Underlift" Brassiere, too.

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WITH A SPRINGTIME ZEST

Marshmallow ORANGE CAKE

MAKES HEADLINES IN LATE-SUMMER MENUS

By Marjory Carter, "Aerophos" Cookery Expert

COMING UP—Marshmallow Orange Cake, cool, appetising . . . rising lightly and deliciously thanks to "Aerophos" raising ingredient. (Check your flour packet for the "Aerophos" seal).



NO FAILURES, THANK YOU. It's a light and luscious cake that costs the "come-on" smile at your favourite guests—when you bake with self-raising flour containing "Aerophos."

SHACK-HUNGRY YOUNGSTERS make short, happy work of a man-size slice of Marshmallow Orange Cake. And you'll bake it to delicious perfection—with self-raising flour containing "Aerophos."



THAT SUPPER-TIME SMILE is your husband letting his first taste tell him to remember the secret—"Aerophos" raising ingredient—contained in all leading brands of self-raising flour.



MARSHMALLOW ORANGE CAKE

For Cake— Beat butter, sugar and orange rind to a smooth cream, beat in egg yolk. Stir in milk and then sifted flour. Fold in beaten egg white. Pour into two 8" sandwich tins, greased and dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 30 minutes. When cold, sandwich and frost with marshmallow frosting and decorate with nuts.

8 oz. self-raising flour containing "Aerophos"
4 oz. butter or substitute
4 oz. sugar
Grated rind of 2 oranges
3 eggs
½ cup of milk

For Frosting— Combine egg white, sugar and orange juice. Beat over boiling water until mixture holds shape. Remove from heat and whisk until thick enough to spread. Add chopped marshmallows.

2 egg whites
1½ cups crystal sugar
5 tablespoons orange juice
8 marshmallow cubes



Look for the seal or the word "Aerophos" on the packet. It's your guarantee that the self-raising flour contains only "Aerophos" as its raising ingredient.

"AEROPHOS"

REGD. TRADE MARK

is the Self-Raising Ingredient

USED BY ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR AND BAKING POWDER

BETTER BAKING—AND IT COSTS LESS WITH "AEROPHOS"

Picnic

● Pack satisfying food for appetites sharpened by fresh air and exercise. Avoid rich foods and salty, thirst-making dishes.

If motor transport is available, fitted picnic cases are ideal.

But if the party is going on foot, pack food and utensils separately.

Packages should be made as light as possible, and each member of the party should be given something to carry.

Savory pinwheels, picnic cutlets, and salad croquettes suggested on this page can be eaten without plates, knives, or forks—informality is half the fun of a picnic.

Veal-and-bacon pie may be sliced and served on cardboard plates, which are light and easy to pack.

Foods are less likely to become dry and broken when packed firmly. Remember to put heavy items on bottom of case or basket, lighter things on top.

Use small, clean, lidded tins for tea and sugar—they are lighter than screw-top jars.



By Our Food and Cookery Experts

VEAL-AND-BACON PIE

One and a half pounds veal steak, 10z lean bacon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups water, 1 tablespoon flour, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup shredded carrot, thin piece lemon rind, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 10oz shortcrust pastry.

Cut steak and bacon into small dice. Roll steak in flour, pepper, and salt. Place in saucepan with onion, lemon rind, and water. Stir until boiling. Add carrot and bacon, cover closely and simmer 1½ to 2 hours, until meat is quite tender. Remove lemon rind, add mixture to become cold. Cut off 2-3rds of pastry, roll to 1in. thickness on floured board. Use to line bottom and sides of loaf-tin, pressing pastry well into corners. Fill with half meat mixture, cover with sliced hard-boiled eggs, add balance of meat. Moisten edges of pastry, cover with remaining pastry rolled to 1in. thickness. Press edges well together and pinch a frill. Gash top to allow steam to escape. Brush with milk, decorate with rose and leaves of pastry. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 375deg. and cook a further 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to become cold before removing from tin, or may be left in tin for packing in picnic basket.

ORANGE WALNUT CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, ½oz icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 extra dessertspoon grated orange rind, walnuts.

Cream margarine or butter with

orange rind and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Add melted butter, orange juice, and rind to sifted icing-sugar. Stir over low heat to spreading consistency. Cover cake, decorate with chopped walnuts.

WHOLEMEAL DATE SCONES

Four ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, ½oz white self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Mix unsifted wholemeal flour with sifted white flour and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar and dates. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Press or roll to 1in. thickness. Cut into rounds or squares with floured cutter or knife. Place on greased or floured oven-tray, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

PICNIC CUTLETS

Six lamb cutlets, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, few drops Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, few

drops onion juice, egg-glazing, crumbs to cover.

Mix mustard to a smooth paste with lemon juice, add sauces and onion juice. Brush trimmed cutlets on both sides with the mixture, stand aside 1 hour. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Place on bottom of thickly greased baking-dish, cover with greased paper. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to become quite cold before packing in picnic basket.

APPLE PATTY-CAKES

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz castor sugar, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2oz flour, 2oz cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 large green apple, extra ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 extra tablespoon sugar, small quantity lemon-flavored icing, cinnamon.

Peel, core, and grate apple, place in saucepan with extra lemon rind and sugar. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Allow to become cold. Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, and baking powder. Half fill deep greased patty-tins with mixture, add a layer of cooled apple, fill up with cake mixture. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. When cold, top with lemon-flavored icing and dust with cinnamon.

CREAM CHEESE AND VEGETABLE SANDWICHES

Twelve slices wholemeal bread, 4 tablespoons cream cheese, 1 tablespoon milk, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons very finely diced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons shredded carrot.

Soften cream cheese with milk, add salt and cayenne. Mix with celery, onion, and carrot. Add a little more milk if necessary—mixture must be spreading consistency, as no butter is used on bread. Spread six slices of bread with mixture, cover with remaining slices. Wrap in greaseproof paper, making as airtight as possible. Cut into triangles when required.

SALAD CROQUETTES

Two cups minced cold meat, 1½ cups mashed potato, 1 cup finely diced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg-yolk or a little milk, browned breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Combine meat, potato, celery, onion, mint, salt, and pepper. Bind with beaten egg-yolk. Take a tablespoonful at a time and shape into croquettes. Brush lightly with milk, toss in browned breadcrumbs. Deep-fry golden-brown in fuming fat, drain on kitchen paper. Allow to become cold before packing in picnic basket.

ONE-EGG CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 cup milk, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup chopped raisins (or mixed fruit), 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Blend cocoa smoothly with milk, add soda. Fold into mixture alternately with sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Lastly fold in fruit and nuts. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 50 to 60 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning out of tin. May be iced with chocolate icing when cold.

SAVORY PINWHEELS

Eight ounces shortcrust or puff pastry, 2 cups very finely diced cold meat (tinned or home cooked), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons tomato purée (or 1 tablespoon tomato sauce mixed with 1 tablespoon milk), 1 egg-yolk.

Mix meat thoroughly with all other ingredients. Divide pastry into two portions, roll each one to a thin oblong sheet. Spread with meat mixture, brush edges of pastry with milk. Roll into two long, thin rolls, starting to roll from longest side of pastry. Wrap in greaseproof or waxed paper, place in ice-chest or refrigerator 1 hour. Cut into 1in. slices, place cut side down on greased oven-tray. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven (450deg. F.). Cool on cake-cooler. Pack salad ingredients to eat with the pinwheels.

The Australian Women's Weekly—March 27, 1948

Page 33

JOHNSON'S LIQUID OR PASTE WAX protects your furniture and floors and preserves their beauty — Insist on Johnson's.



She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!
Charming Socialite, Miss Celia Babcock, is blonde and blue-eyed and her complexion has the soft, pink-and-white freshness of a Renoir painting. "Blush-Cleanse" your face to-night," advises this lovely engaged girl. "My face has the nicest soft, fresh feel after I "Blush-Cleanse" with Pond's."

Blush Cleansing

with POND'S Cold Cream brings Beauty

Invite that soft, smooth, "engaged" look with Pond's Cold Cream "Blush-Cleansing"—the grand new skin-cleansing method specially designed to use with your favourite beauty cream, Pond's Cold Cream. "Blush-Cleanse" with Pond's Cold Cream every night, every morning, for an instant clean, sweet freshness—for an instant softer, silkier feel—for a charming blush of colour on your skin.



First... Rouse skin by pressing cloth wrung out in warm water against face and throat.

Next... "Cream-Cleanse" moist, receptive skin with fingers full of Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl circles upwards as if drawing little engagement rings over your face. Pond's Cold Cream has a special demulcent action—it gently loosens dust and make-up as fingers swirl. Tissue off.

Then... "Cream-Rinse" with a second thick Pond's Cold Creaming—about 25 more engagement rings swirled over your face. Tissue off—then fingle your clean face with a good splash of cold water and pat to dry.

Complete Complexion Care

Pond's Cold Cream, thorough skin cleanser and freshener. Pond's Vanishing Cream powder base and skin softener. ... at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.

PT12

No. 1 Favourite
for 'Garden Fresh' Flavour!



The sweetest, tenderest green peas you ever tasted—grown for Heinz in Australia's "garden", N.W. Tasmania. Picked the moment they're perfect—cooked and canned the same day! Two sizes—30 oz. (family size) and 16 oz. Two varieties—Heinz Green Peas, full and tender—and Heinz SMALL Green Peas, young, sweet, extra-delicate. They're at your grocer's NOW!

HEINZ GREEN PEAS

HP24/12

PICKED THE MOMENT THEY'RE PERFECT



BACON ROLL is delicious served hot with vegetables and just as good cold. See main prize-winning recipe on this page.

Homemakers' favorites

Bacon roll... a winner

THIS week's first prize-winner, bacon roll, is one solution to the problem, "What shall we have for dinner?" when the meat coupons are running short.

Butterscotch gateau as a recipe is worth adding to your files. The rich filling is delicious in crisp pastry-cases.

On a warm night sherry cream, served icy cold, is sure to be popular.

BACON ROLL.

Two cups lean minced bacon (or 1 cup bacon, 1 cup minced cold meat), 21 cups breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cup thick white sauce, 1 cup tomato puree or tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 beaten egg, browned breadcrumbs.

Wash bacon well in hot water, remove rind, cut into dice or mince finely. Mix bacon (or meat and bacon), breadcrumbs, parsley, mustard and pepper in basin. Combine tomato puree with white sauce and mix well with other ingredients. Lastly fold in beaten egg. Flour hands well and mould mixture into oblong shape. Roll in browned breadcrumbs, pressing on firmly with hands. Place on greased baking-dish, cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) approximately 2 hours. Serve hot, garnished with tomato slices and parsley. May also be served cold with salad.

First Prize of £1 to Miss R. Walker, "The Outlook," Penang St. Point Clare, N.S.W.

SHERRY CREAM

One cup cold water, 1 level dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup sherry, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tin sweetened condensed milk.

Soften gelatine in a little of the water, stir over boiling water until dissolved. Combine balance of water, sherry, and essence; add dissolved gelatine. When cooled and beginning to thicken, beat with rotary beater until creamy and frothy. Add condensed milk. Stand basin in bowl of ice and beat until thick and beginning to set. Pile roughly in serving-dishes, sprinkle with nuts, and decorate with cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Chatfield, 45 Railway Crescent, Williamstown, Vic.

BUTTERSCOTCH GATEAU

One 8in. sponge cake, 3 teaspoons butter or margarine, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, 2 rounded tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Melt butter or margarine in saucepan, add sugar and egg-yolk, cook slowly until well browned, stirring frequently. Add hot water, stir until caramel is melted. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, add balance of milk and stir over heat until boiling. Add caramel, mix well. Cook very slowly—10 minutes—stirring frequently to prevent burning. Beat egg-white stiffly with pinch of salt. Fold into mixture with vanilla, allow to become cold. Cut a circle from top of sponge, fill with butterscotch mixture. Replace top, dust with icing sugar. Serve in wedges with custard or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Dunn, Noumea, New Caledonia.

DATE-AND-CHEESE LOAF

Three ounces margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 cup grated cheese, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped dates.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar; add unbeaten egg and golden syrup; mix well. Fold in grated cheese, then sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Lastly add chopped dates. Fill into two well-greased nut-loaf tins and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) approximately 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Tennant, 100 Frederick St. Launceston, Tas.

PILCHARD PATTIES

One cup mashed potato, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. margarine or good clean fat, 1 small tin pilchards, cooked green peas, tomato, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, pinch cayenne pepper.

Sift flours with salt, rub in shortening. Add potato, mixing well. Add sufficient pilchard liquor to mix to a firm dough. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, roll thinly. Cut and line greased boat-shaped tins or deep patty-tins. Half fill each case with drained pilchards, add a few peas and a small piece of tomato. Beat egg, add milk, season with salt and cayenne. Pour over filling. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until filling is set and cases lightly browned. Serve piping hot, or cold with salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 20 Winifred St. Adelaide.



HERE'S an idea for a dinner sweet for a busy day. One layer of sponge sandwich is split and filled with quickly prepared butterscotch fluff. See prize recipe.



To clean your pans and save your hands... use



Peaceful Nights For Baby and You



At teething time—or at any time if baby is a trifle feverish—give Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. They soothe at once—cool the blood, gently regulate the motions. Never be without these wonderful powders—they ensure the health and happiness of your baby—AND THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders—1/6

Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS



MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month, when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special Aeterin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort... surely... safely. At all chemists.

Try MYZONE with your very next "pain"



NATURAL SLEEP

*Good Health's
greatest ally*

Sleep!... vital to the sick and the convalescent and *all-important to those who would avoid ill-health.* Sleep is Nature's device for restoring lost energy, for adjusting the delicate balance of your nervous system, for keeping you fit and "on your toes." Surely sound restful sleep is the very *basis* of good health? Sometimes, however, the strain and stress of modern life defeat Nature's intention. Sometimes, from necessity, carelessness or desire, we are extravagant with our store of energy. The result is over-fatigue. We can't sleep. Our nerves are taut. We can't relax. That is where Milo comes into the picture.

Milo—made from pure country milk and malted cereals... fortified with essential vitamins... helps

body and nerves to relax. Gradually fatigue is translated into peaceful relaxation. And while you sleep, Milo aids Nature's restorative process. Hours later you wake refreshed—ready to meet another day with zeal, energy and good health.

MILO is sold in ½lb. and 14oz. tins by all chemists and stores. In metropolitan areas, ½lb. tins cost only 2/3d. and 14oz. tins 3/9d. When you buy the large 14oz. tin, not only do you save money but you help Australia save vital tinplate. Country prices are slightly higher.



MILO
It's better for you

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

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Page 35



It won't ride up...

Because of the moulded midriff... that's the secret of this proud beauty. Bodice is lace encrusted. A dream-slip you can keep lovely as new with nightly Lux dips to whisk out perspiration before it can do harm.

Lay as the Naughty Nineties

Lovable, Luxable rayon jersey! Midnight black for the top—pink and black striped skirt with audacious little back bow. Don't risk harming fine fabrics—silks or rayons—by rubbing them with bar soap. Wash them in mild Lux suds.



Down and around...

That's how the stripes march in this cotton beauty. Ring-size waist... ruffled sleeves... balloony skirt. Want to keep it like new? Lux will do it. Tests prove Lux keeps colours new-looking three times longer than when you use harsh washing methods.

That smart look... it's the LUX LOOK

U 259.82g

Here's What YOU Want for STOMACH UPSETS

De Witt's Antacid Powder is so quick acting that one dose is usually enough to relieve an upset stomach. In fact, quick relief from the pain and discomfort of digestive troubles is always at hand—if you have this reliable family treatment in your medicine cupboard. RELIEF! That's what you really want... and you get it, because De Witt's Antacid Powder consistently does these three important things:—

Firstly, it neutralises excess gastric acidity. This relieves the pain and distress you feel after eating, when your stomach is sour.

Then, it soothes and settles the stomach. Consequently, your next meal does not mean further trouble for an already upset stomach.

Finally, it protects the inflamed lining, and thus helps Mother Nature, the greatest healer of all, to put things right.

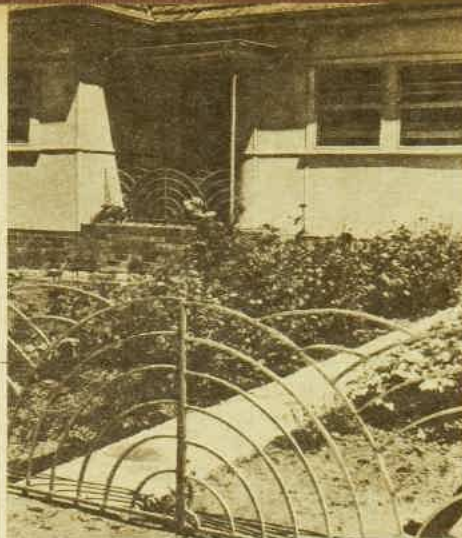
So, if a sour, upset stomach is turning you off food, or if heartburn and flatulence take all pleasure out of eating, get a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder from your chemist to-day. You will find in this popular antacid treatment the answer to most "tummy" troubles.

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain

DeWitt's

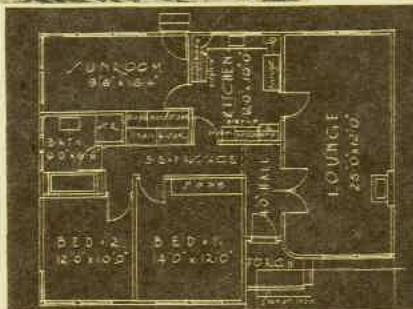
ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis, and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, price 2/6. Giant economical size 4/6.



GLIMPSE of the wrought-iron fence and porch balustrade, both painted turquoise-blue. Gates match.

RIGHT: Plan of Mr. and Mrs. Giles' home is one that will interest all homeowners. Lounge measures 25ft. by 12ft.



VIEW of the attractive house from the street.

A MODERN HOME...at minimum cost

By EVE GYE

A COMFORTABLE, attractive home has been built by Mr. and Mrs. H. Giles, of Gympie Bay, N.S.W., at a total cost of £2034. This amount includes cost of land, transfer fees, construction of house, including fittings, and all furnishings. In planning their home Mr. and Mrs. Giles kept within the 1250 squares limit, but they made certain that everything they required went into the original specifications.

Mrs. Giles watched every detail of the building. She shopped for the door and window fittings, designed kitchen equipment, the many spacious cupboards, and built-in wardrobes, and the dressing-table in her bedroom.

She also designed the unusual steel fence and porch surround and the doors made of eypress pine in a diagonal pattern.

During winter evenings, while waiting for their home, Mr. Giles made the rugs, which are the only



THE GAY little sunroom has divan daybeds with tan, blue, brown, and lemon patterned covers; curtains match. All meals are served in this airy room. Close-up of unusual corner fitting is shown on opposite page.



MRS. GILES designed cream dressing-table, made bedcover and curtains. Mr. Giles made rugs. Flowers on dressing-table harmonise with the gay patterning of window drapes.

*** Make Baby's Hair Grow Curly with Curlypet**

Parents say: "Baby's hair used to be straight—but after a few applications of Curlypet, we were delighted with the change. Baby has a mass of curls, greatly admired. At the same time, Baby's hair always remarks on his hair."

If far from chemist or store, send postal note or stamp for 2/6 to Curlypet, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and reach you by return mail.

One month's treatment—most chemists and stores everywhere. **3/8**

Asthma Curbed Quickly

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

For Asthma... Now 6/- and 12/-



ONE END of the spacious 25ft. by 12ft. lounge is shown above. Suite is in brown and tan to harmonize with the rich, honey-colored waxed floor. Rugs are in green and fawn. Curtains cream.

coverings on the waxed and polished cypress-pine floors.

Mrs. Giles shopped for curtain, divan, and bedcover fabrics, and these she made while her husband worked on the rugs.

In order to keep down costs, Mr. Giles painted fittings, tables, chairs, and cupboards.

The corner in sunroom with its divan daybeds is most attractive. In this room, which opens directly off the pretty scarlet-and-ivory kitchen, the Giles' dine. Here, too, built-in cupboards hold recreation materials.

Although they have occupied the house for only seven months, the garden yields a wealth of flowers and vegetables. Mr. Giles has paved a special section for the clothesline and made lawns, garden beds, and pathways.



PERFECTLY PLANNED KITCHEN, complete with labor-saving equipment, is in ivory and scarlet. Cupboards are ventilated, easy of access. Curved shelves on either side of window hold scarlet bric-a-brac.



PICKING her flowers . . . Mrs. Giles, who married during the war, was for four years assistant in our Cookery Department.



THIS is the charming little nursery. Most of the furniture was cut down from old and remade. Mr. Giles made the rug.



CLOSE-UP of corner of sunroom. Novel touch is given by miniature wheelbarrow filled up with mixed fruit.

BE IMMUNE* FROM COLDS TEN DAYS FROM NOW

Here is the common sense way to avoid the common cold—and influenza. You catch these troublesome complaints because your natural resistance is too low. Reinforce these protective powers with Anti-Bi-San Tablets. They provide preventive ingredients for absorption into the blood stream. Take Anti-Bi-San for three days only. After seven days you will normally be immune from infection for three months. There are no disturbing after-effects. Ask your doctor for

'ANTI-BI-SAN'
COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS
11's Adult, 9's Child

*The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San's after treatment with, since seven days, normally provide immunity from infection for three months.
Write for leaflet to: Sole Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson Ltd., 36/40 Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.

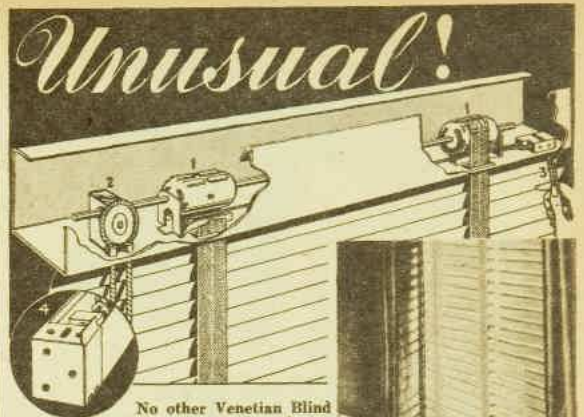


PUTS A NEW COMPLEXION ON BEAUTY...

NOW . . . enjoy an entirely new experience in easy-to-achieve loveliness. In a trice, GUITARE Make-up Foundation gives you the fresh smooth, naturally beautiful complexion of any youth. GUITARE FOUNDATION is purely itself—it really helps the complexion to resist weather roughness. Subdues blemishes. Doesn't dry the skin. Stays perfect for hours and hours without clogging or smearing. As good as Guitare Lipstick—the long-lasting, leveler lipstick made in seven delightful shades.

Guitare
MAKE-UP FOUNDATION

Sole Distributors: Messrs. Doward & Co., 338 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE, C.I.



Unusual!
No other Venetian Blind has so many exclusive features as the "Aberdeen" (Pat.) All Metal Flexible Venetian Blind. Note these outstanding features of the headbox alone:

1. Frictionless tape drum, ensures smooth and silent operation, plus extra long life of tape and slats.
2. Self-adjusting dust-proof tilt gear gives fractional adjustment of slats to any desired angle, where they remain until altered. When closed they ensure complete privacy.
3. Automatic locking device allows raising, lowering, and locking of blind with only one cord.
4. Universal end bracket simplifies erection.
5. New brackets enable tapes to be removed or replaced as desired.

And here are additional features to make the "Aberdeen" (Pat.) All Metal Blind unusual—outstanding—desirable.

- Complete Protection.
- Fingertip Control.
- Flexible.
- Lasts a Lifetime.
- Easy to Clean.
- Noiseless.
- Lightweight.
- Fire Resistant.
- Cannot chip, crack, or flake.
- Simple to erect.

Obtainable in widths up to 8ft.

DELIVERY IN APPROX. 12 WEEKS.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET TO DEPT. A, 33 REGENT ST., SYDNEY.

Aberdeen

All Metal (Pat.) Flexible Venetian Blinds

AT ALL LEADING STORES.

If unobtainable, write to SMYTH COPELAND & CO. PTY. LTD., 33 Regent St., City, Sydney, N.S.W.

MAKERS OF FINER CANVAS GOODS FOR OVER 25 YEARS



FLEXIBLE:
Slats are concave, cannot sag, lie straight across the window—if you bend them they snap back to former shape.



UNAFFECTED IN ANY CLIMATE



EASY TO CLEAN:
A flick of a duster and "Aberdeen" blinds are free of dust. Plastic finish resists soiling.



SOMETHING NEW ON BISCUITS

Take lots of crisp, buttered savoury biscuits, spread lightly with Bonox, season with pepper and salt—and there's your recipe for an exciting new flavour treat!

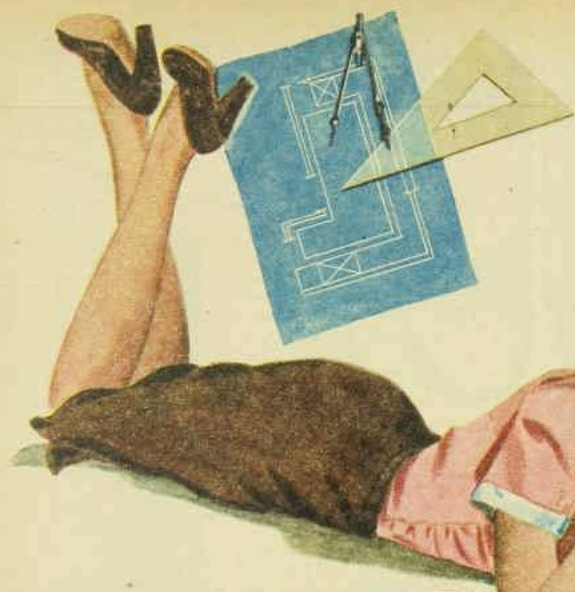
You'll need to have lots of these biscuits-with-Bonox handy, because everyone who gets a taste of them will ask for the same again—and again!

That tangy, zestful Bonox flavour gives a "lift" to the simplest sandwiches and savouries. It points up other favourite savoury flavours like egg, cheese, cold meat or tomato. So always be sure to keep a bottle of Bonox in your kitchen cupboard.

BONOX

eat it and drink it for a L-I-F-T

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 994.—LITTLE GIRL'S APRON

This little apron is easy to embroider. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department, with the design clearly traced, ready for you to cut out and embroider. The material is pink Chamois, and washes and launders very well.
Prices: Sizes 2-4 years, 20in. length, 3/11 complete; 4-6 years, 22in. length, 4/9 complete; 6-8 years, 24in. length, 5/6 complete; 8-10 years, 26in. length, 6/3 complete. Plus 5/11 postage and 2 coupons.

No. 995.—DUCHESS SET IN BASKET DESIGN

This set is clearly traced for embroidering on good quality sheer linen in shades of pale cream, blue, green, and very pale gold. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., and the smaller mat 8in. x 8in. Price 6/11 complete. No coupons. Postage 5/11, extra.

No. 996.—BASKET-DESIGN ORGANDIE THROW-OVER

This traced basket-design organdie throw-over is obtainable in shades of pale blue, shell-pink, eau-de-nil, blossom-blue, and lemon. Measures 36in. x 36in. There is provision for a small hem. Price 6/11 complete; no coupons. Postage 5/11, extra.
Note: When ordering Needlework Notions 995 and 996, make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"BIDDY"—DAYTIME FROCK

The material is good quality American spun rayon, available in lovely shades of pale pink, sky-blue, light grey, jade, and navy. The bodice is trimmed with white embroidery, making an attractive finish. The skirt is gathered on each side of the front to give fullness.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 39/11 complete (8 coupons), plus 2/- postage; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/9 complete (8 coupons), plus 2/- extra for postage and packing.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 29/9 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 32/6 (8 coupons), postage 1/8 1/2 extra.

Note: When ordering "Biddy," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

Interstate Addresses

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frocks, and Needlework Notions (make reference to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State). Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post:
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 382A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481C, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 402F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Fashion PATTERNS

F5054.—Scalloped detail for a ballerina-length day-into-evening dress. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5055.—A tailored bodice top and swing skirt combine in a smart one-piece. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 1/10.

F5055

F5057

F5059

F5056

F5056.—Good looks in a button-up coat-frock. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/10.

F5057.—Full-skirted one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 1/10.

F5058.—Small girl's party frock. Sizes 20in., 23in., 27in. lengths. Requires 1yds. to 2yds. 36in. material and 2yds. trimming. Price 1/5.

F5059.—Trim two-piece suit. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 1/10.

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